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CALIFORNIA MOTOR LOGUES



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CALIFORNIA MOTORLOGUES

Reprinted from the

Automotive Section of the

San Francisco Examiner

Monarch of the Dailies

Suggestions for One-Day and Week-End Motor Trips on the Highways and Byways of California

By E. V. WELLER

Maps and Layouts by V. Nahl.
Cover Design by Jack Lustig.
Photographs by E. V. Weller.
Art Work by "The Examiner" Staff, under the supervision of E. Dunand.

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INTRODUCTION

IN "CALIFORNIA MOTORLOGUES" The Examiner sets before California motorists and visitors one-day and week-end automobile trips to points of interest in and about San Francisco and Northern California.

The trips have been mapped to sections of scenic beauty, points prominent in the early history of California and localities that are endeared to book lovers the country over on account of their being the center of interest around which their favorite author wove his tale of romance or adventure.

These Motorlogues are reproductions from The Examiner's Automotive Section and are a prominent feature of this section every Sunday. A new and interesting trip is offered each week.

These Motorlogues are only one of the many interesting features that are offered car owners in the Automotive Section of The Examiner.

CHRIS. J. HELIN,
Automobile Editor.

"EXAMINER" MOTORLOGUE ROUTE MAP OF GOLDEN GATE PARK

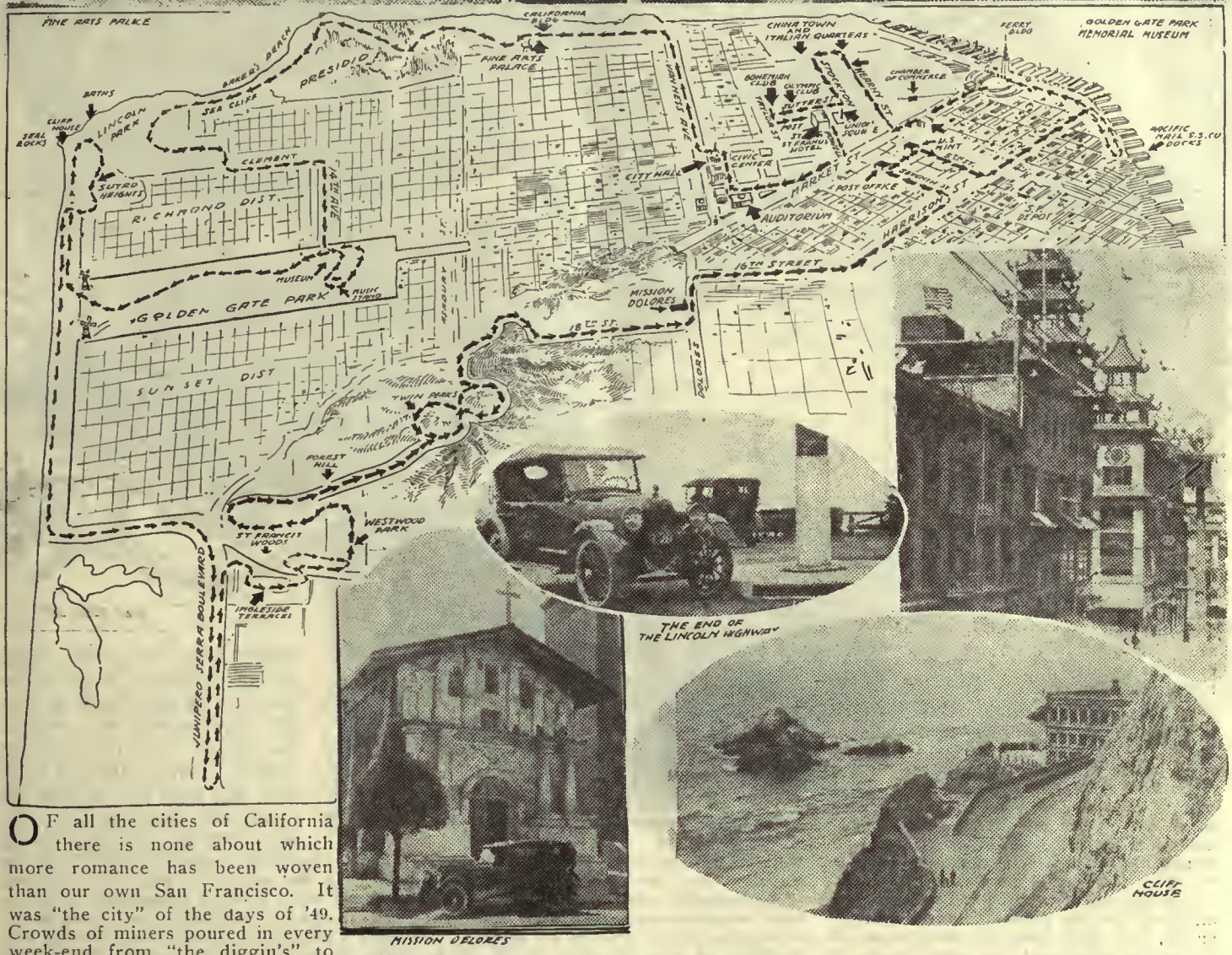
San Francisco's famous Park is one of the chief attraction of the city, not only to the tourist, but to the resident motorists as well. As an example of landscape gardening par excellence it is known round the world.



'SEEING SAN FRANCISCO' IN AN AUTOMOBILE—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Here is a jaunt over the city highways that offers a pleasant day's excursion for the motorist. "The Examiner" scout car, a Paige, mapped out the trip.





THE END OF THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

MISSION DOLORES

OF all the cities of California there is none about which more romance has been woven than our own San Francisco. It was "the city" of the days of '49. Crowds of miners poured in every week-end from "the diggin's" to spend their treasure. It has been an inspiration to a Bret Harte, a Mark Twain and a Robert Louis Stevenson. The glamor of the days of gold, the thrilling tales of the Argonauts, the stress of the period of Vigilantes, of gunmen and gamblers, the hour of trial by fire and the inspiration of the rebuilding, all have been part and parcel of the warp and woof that have made San Francisco stand out apart as a place distinctive, originai, a "City That Knows How."

Start at the Ferry Building, drive up Market street and along Kearny, and you find yourself in the haunts of Stevenson, and there's a monument to his memory in old Portsmouth Square. Drive on through Stockton street, and Chinatown with all its mellifluous scents and sounds appears.

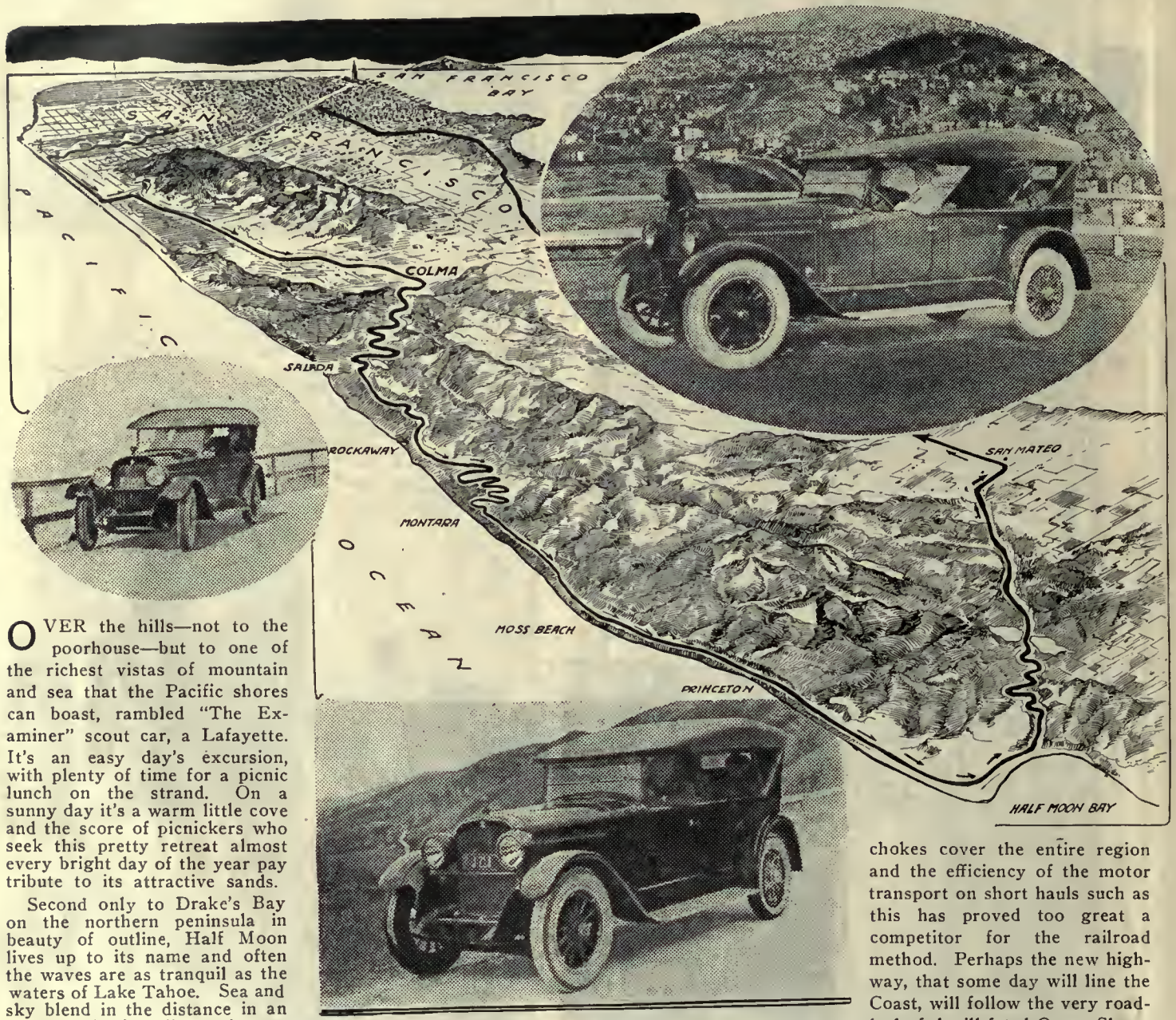
The Civic Center is the next objective. Then out Van Ness to the bay. Stop at the Palace of Fine Arts and recall that beautiful dream city that was, the Panama-Pacific Exposition, then take the highway through the Presidio and proceed out on the scenic highway that looks out on the Golden Gate to the end of the Lincoln highway and the Municipal Golf Links.

Golden Gate Park is the next place on the list. Then we speed to the Cliff House, the Seal Rocks and Sutro Heights, then back on the Great Highway and Junipero Serra boulevard to Colma, that wrote much prize ring history.

Ingleside Terraces, St Francis Wood, Westwood Park and Forest Hill are passed on the way to the Twin Peaks and a wonderful view of the whole city is to be had from that excellent vantage point. On the way back stop at the old Mission Dolores and you'll find an interesting page of the history of California recorded there.

MOSS BEACH AND HALF MOON BAY——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

It's an easy day's ride, the round trip to Half Moon Bay, and it offers one of the most beautiful ocean vistas of which the Pacific Coast can boast. "The Examiner" scout car, a Lafayette, spun over the hills via Twin Peaks and the Junipero Serra boulevard, returning by way of the Spring Valley lakes and San Mateo. The roads, going and coming, are of concrete and macadam.



OVER the hills—not to the poorhouse—but to one of the richest vistas of mountain and sea that the Pacific shores can boast, rambled "The Examiner" scout car, a Lafayette. It's an easy day's excursion, with plenty of time for a picnic lunch on the strand. On a sunny day it's a warm little cove and the score of picnickers who seek this pretty retreat almost every bright day of the year pay tribute to its attractive sands.

Second only to Drake's Bay on the northern peninsula in beauty of outline, Half Moon lives up to its name and often the waves are as tranquil as the waters of Lake Tahoe. Sea and sky blend in the distance in an indistinct horizon line and some wandering wisps of cirrus clouds standing out from the deep azure of the autumn sky soften the warm rays of the sun. This is an ideal spot to absorb Conrad or Stevenson, for such are the shores of the South Sea isles and the stage is set by nature to revivify a tropical scene.

The entire excursion is one of delight from the time the car mounts the boulevard over the Twin Peaks and the whole panorama of gleaming white of the city unfolds with the bay as an azure frame, through the mountain canyons to the ocean shore. Then as the car winds around the highway to the summit and the ribbon road stretches out beneath, there comes that feeling of awe that has been born of an age where speed and power are fast annihilating distance.

The Spring Valley lakes themselves are well worth the trip, set like Gargantuan pearls in the brown heart of the hills, and the constantly changing prospect as the road winds around the shoulders of the mountains would inspire an artist. It is "a thing of beauty" which is "a joy forever" and "its loveliness increases" as the road winds on and on. It was of such vistas as these that Wordsworth wrote that they impressed him more even in the recollection than in their actual prospect.

But to more material things. A trip to Half Moon Bay is an excellent excursion for an automobile dealer to make if he wants to impress a banker with the importance of the automobile industry. For there lies the Ocean Shore Railroad, a victim to motor truck transportation and the passenger car. Great fields of artichokes cover the entire region and the efficiency of the motor transport on short hauls such as this has proved too great a competitor for the railroad method. Perhaps the new highway, that some day will line the Coast, will follow the very roadbed of the ill-fated Ocean Shore.

All along the route from Half Moon Bay on the return by way of the Spring Valley lakes there are hundreds of pleasant nooks that invite the picnicking party. It's a path that is never overcrowded and the seclusion that the average picnic party desires is to be had at every turn of the road. Sheltered from the ocean breezes and shaded with oak and birch and laurel there is many an acre along the highway that will soon be covered with homes as the city spreads its circuit and the delights of this secluded little valley are better known. You cannot help, after an excursion of this sort, to register as they say in the movies "complete satisfaction."

Half Moon Bay and Moss Beach are easily reached in any kind of weather and you don't need chains no matter how damp the out-of-doors may be.

SARATOGA AND THE LAND OF BLOSSOMS——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

In the spring time comes the call of the blossom country, and it is high time that the motorist tune up his machine to hark to the call of the beauties of the valley. "The Examiner" scout car, a Stephens Salient Six, mapped out the trip to Saratoga through the Santa Clara Valley for the bay city motorist. The map, drawn by "The Examiner" staff artist, shows the proposed "around the bay" route.







BLOSSOM festival week at Saratoga is one of the features of our California Springtime. It is a period when we turn away from the streets of care and seek the highways of the great out-of-doors, when we forget for the instant the troubles of our daily existence, our toil over the almighty dollar and seek a blessed surcease in a perfumed lotus-land that lies about the little town of Saratoga.

Here is what Annie Laurie has to say of this California festival, one of the unique displays of this colorful country:

"Just take the Road of Happiness and drive through the fields of Joy—and at the end of the road you'll find yourself in Paradise, I mean, Saratoga.

"The Road of Happiness—oh, that leads through Golden Gate Park, purple and yellow and blue, past the blossoming shrubs, past the eucalyptus and the laurel and the pine and the Pride of India and the palms. Past the daphne and the jasmine and past the banks of pink rhododendrons—if that's what they are that make the cloud of pink along the main drive through the center of the Park—out to the beach with the white waves playing tag with each other below the Cliff House, or running races like great white horses trying to see who can get to shore the first.

"Down the beach to Sloat boulevard—what a green lace screen they make of themselves, the eucalyptus, along the Sloat boulevard. A quick turn and you're on the highway, unrolling before you like a satin ribbon—that's the "wold" on the right—no, not the world—the wold, the one the old English poets and some American ones, too, are always mentioning. See how it spreads from level fields of surprising green to little dimpled hills that look like pretty children dressed in flowered green taffeta, holding up their little skirts and getting ready to dance for our amusement. Beyond them to the dark trees and beyond the trees the purple mountains, and now and then, from some quick point of vantage, the gleam of the silver sea.

"If that isn't a wold, what is? You can't look at it without thinking how a procession of knights in armour would look riding out from the woods into the beflowered meadow below. And you can't turn your eyes away without half expecting to see a troop of naiads come dancing over the meadows when you look back again.

"Paradise, with a thousand Eves—what are they like to you, the rows and rows of blossoming fruit trees—mile after perfumed mile of them?

"Here's the town, nestled in the arms of the hills, just as comfy and smiling and happy as a rosy baby held close to his mother's heart.

"Blossom festival time in California—say a prayer of gratitude that you are alive to enjoy it today."

SAN JOSE'S MOUNTAIN PARK AT ALUM ROCK——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Hundreds of motorists visit Alum Rock Park every week-end to enjoy the hospitality of San Jose and a pleasant picnic in the great out-of-doors. "The Examiner" scout car, a Hudson Super-Six, made the trip and mapped out the way for motorists of the bay cities. There are unrivaled sylvan scenes in the great gorge that lies on the road to Mt. Hamilton, and with playgrounds for the children, a dancing pavilion and a cafe, the city is well prepared to care for all guests who come.



SEVEN MILES east of San Jose, nestled in a mighty gorge through which winds a beautiful mountain stream, is one of the unique municipal parks of the world. Alum Rock canyon derives its name from a strange aerial visitor that used to be one of the attractions of the district. But the rock is no longer on the municipal map and the tourist who comes to see remains to enjoy not the rock which is not, but the picturesque vista which is, ensconsed on the banks of Penitencia Creek.

"The Examiner" scout car, a Hudson Super-Six, spun over the paved highway into that scenic region and found not only that Nature had been lavish in her gifts to this paradise, but man had added much, for on the level open sections of the center of the valley are playgrounds for the children —and what's a picnic without the kiddies? —a sulphur spring natatorium, a dancing pavilion for the terpsichoric-inspired and a cafe.

But the lover of Nature does not need to cling as closely to civilization as this. A short walk up the canyon and there is Alum Rock cliff with its spring impregnated with alum; nearby there's a sulphur spring unaffected by the high cost of eggs, and springs of salt and iron and lithia. In fact, the canyon seems a veritable medicine chest of waters for every malady decked out in holiday garb of green and gold to greet the picnicker.

If you are something of a hiker, it's a short but inspiring climb to Inspiration Point, where the whole Santa Clara valley is laid out before the eye like a Gargantuan map, and for a little more strenuous excursion there's the summit of Buena Vista to be conquered. They told us there were deer and various other and sundry beasts wandering around in the wilds of the park, but it must have been their day off for we didn't sight any.

The canyon playground contains some twenty springs in all and the banks of the creek are lined with sycamore, laurel, madrone and oak. Precipitous cliffs bound the gorge like a miniature Yosemite. The canyon was a part of the original pueblo or town grant to the Pueblo de San Jose de Gaudelupe in 1777, and its history dates back to the days of the dons.

Climb the peaks that surround this little valley and range after range of mountains are before you. To the west and south are the rugged heights of the Santa Cruz range, which shut out the view of the ocean. Lom a Prieta (Black Mountain) is thirty miles away and towers 3,790 feet. To the north is Mt. Choual, 3,500 feet high, and Mt. Thayer, 3,550 feet in height.

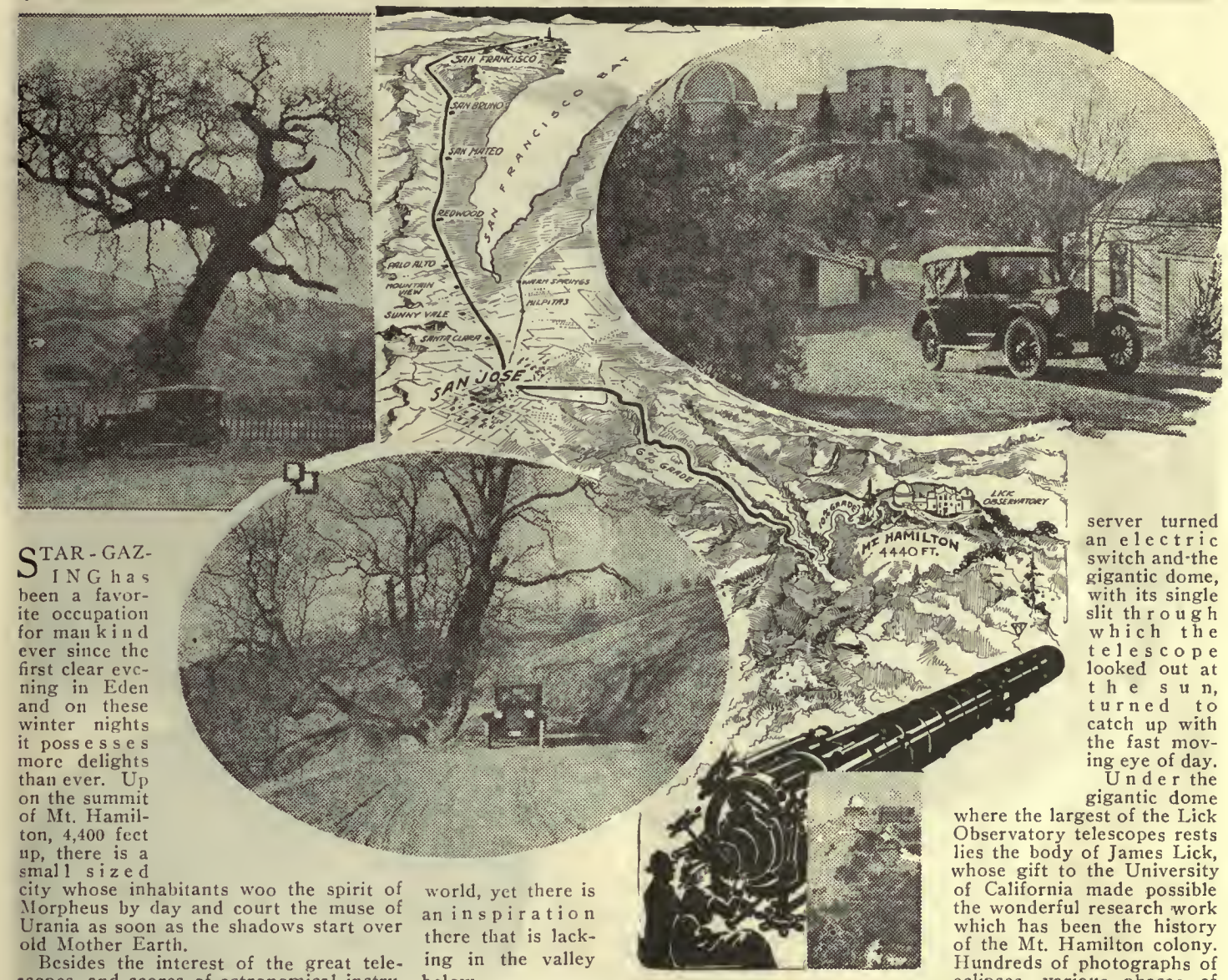
The plains below have the beauty of the long cultivated area about them. Here is what a writer of the early nineties wrote of this remarkably fertile valley of Santa Clara:

"Time was when in the very heart of the Santa Clara Valley great bands of cattle roamed the plains. The vaquero was followed by the wheat grower. Both led a life that starved the natural love of beauty and even of comfort. Their homes were adobe huts; they had not even kitchen gardens; no flowers save the tawdry hollyhocks which sprang up under their windows; trees they planted not. With the advent of the fruit grower came the amenities of life, the satisfaction of the natural love of beauty in fruit and flowers, ornamental trees and shrubs. It wrought a wondrous transformation in the Santa Clara Valley. Even the Missourian pioneer whose aesthetic tastes were in the first stage of development caught something of the spirit about him and indulged in rude ornament. Every year has seen the growth of this tendency until now most parts of the great valley give visible proof of a culture of the beautiful such as is seen in few places on this side of the continent.

"The American artist has made little use of the California live oak, yet it is one of the most picturesque of trees. Throughout this valley it grows to a size seldom equaled elsewhere. In sheltered places it is symmetrical, with rounded top and magnificent foliage, so dense that no patch of sky may be seen through its matted leafage; but in exposed, wind swept canyons, or on rocky foothills it takes the fantastic shape of old New England apple trees, with branches that seem endowed with uncanny life, and trunks that are bent almost to the ground. With scarred and gnarled bark and frequently with trailing streamers of moss, these trees have an individuality that makes them worthy of study. They lift into sublimity the canyons to whose rugged sides they cling."

A TRIP TO THE STARS FROM MT. HAMILTON———AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

An ideal day's jaunt for the motorist of the bay cities is the trip to Mt. Hamilton and the Lick observatory of the University of California. Over winding mountain roads lined with picturesque oaks the journey is one that should be recorded in the log of every motorist. "The Examiner" scout car, a new Cleveland, mapped out the trip for the motorists of the bay cities. The scene at the right shows the observatory buildings and at the left and below are two typical scenes on the highway. The observatory, a tiny speck on the mountain top, may be seen in the picture at the left. Below is a sketch of the great telescope of the Lick Observatory.



STAR-GAZING has been a favorite occupation for mankind ever since the first clear evening in Eden and on these winter nights it possesses more delights than ever. Up on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, 4,400 feet up, there is a small sized city whose inhabitants woo the spirit of Morpheus by day and court the muse of Urania as soon as the shadows start over old Mother Earth.

Besides the interest of the great telescopes, and scores of astronomical instruments, the great domes, and the observers themselves, there is a scenic trip that winds up the mountain side, a road of a thousand turns that would be an attraction to the motorist even though there were not more than a heap of stones at the peak.

The "Examiner" scout car, a new Cleveland, mapped out the way and photographed some of the highways and byways for the motorists of the bay cities. It is an easy day's jaunt, over roads that are good and grades that are easy to climb.

From the summit there is a panorama of hill and vale extending far away on every side. In the distance can be glimpsed the bay of Monterey and the various cities that lie in the valleys below make it seem like a gigantic checkerboard.

Our host of the mountain was Prof. W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, and we found him enjoying his "playtime" by investigating the interior of his own motor car.

It is a lonesome spot, this top of the world, yet there is an inspiration there that is lacking in the valley below.

With the great telescopes that bring the mighty worlds millions of miles closer to the earth, there comes an awe that makes the tourist realize his insignificance in the general scheme of things.

In the great dome is the largest of the tubes through which the course of the sun and the stars is watched. Every moment that the sky is clear enough for observations the telescope is in use. Photographing sun spots, measuring planetary orbits, analyzing spectra, computing the size and weight and distance of the twinkling inhabitants of the great expanse of the heavens, these are the daily routine of the observatory.

When we visited the main vault where the fifteen-ton telescope is mounted an observer was photographing the sun's spectrum. It was a bright, clear day, not a cloud to be seen and the big clock that drove the telescope, keeping the lens constantly in line with the sun, was noiselessly about its task. Now and then the observer turned an electric switch and the gigantic dome, with its single slit through which the telescope looked out at the sun, turned to catch up with the fast moving eye of day.

Under the gigantic dome where the largest of the Lick Observatory telescopes rests lies the body of James Lick, whose gift to the University of California made possible the wonderful research work which has been the history of the Mt. Hamilton colony. Hundreds of photographs of eclipses, various phases of the moon and views of nebulae are exhibited in the hall of the observatory.

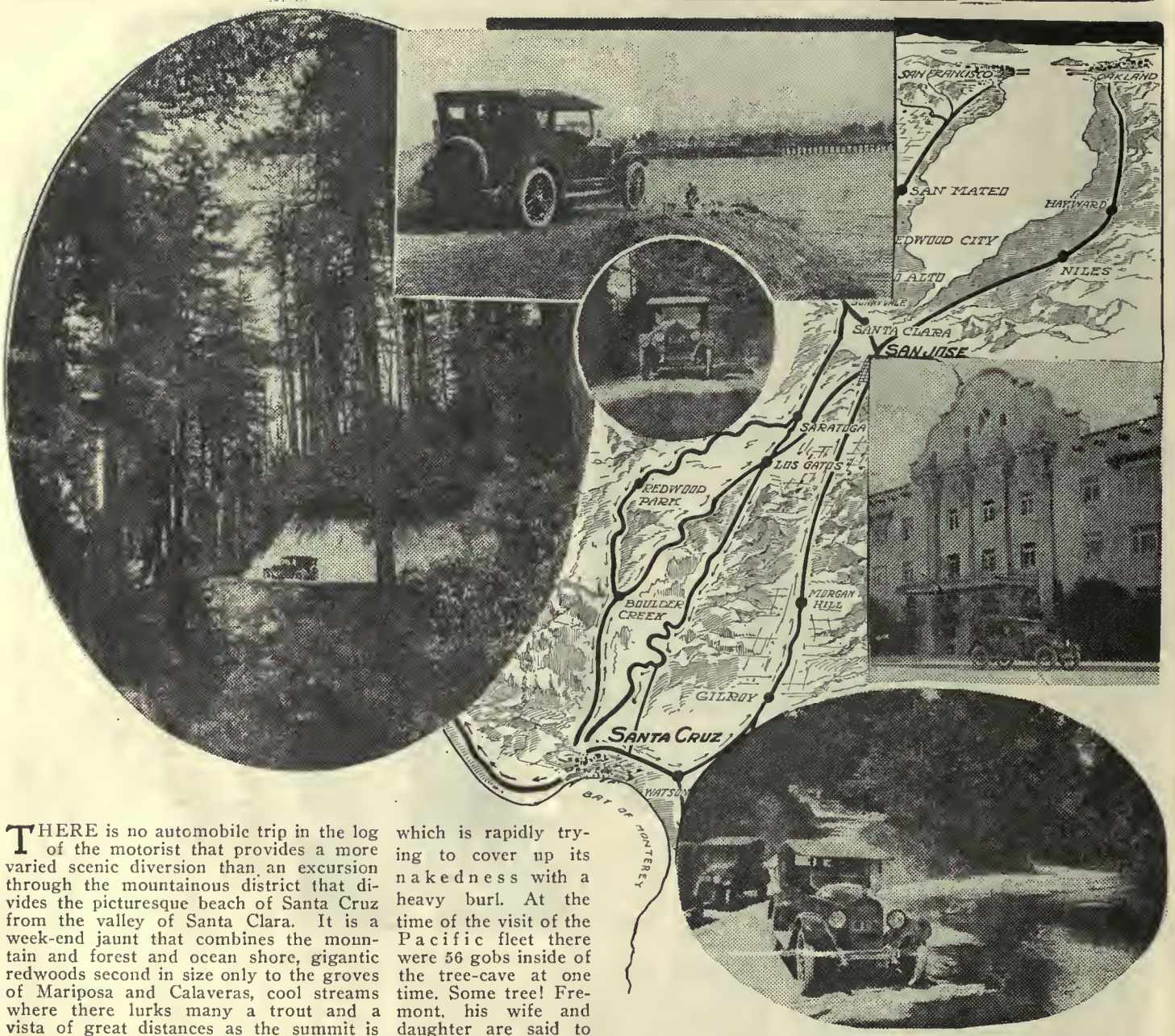
The trip to the observatory combines pleasure and profit and is an ideal one day's jaunt for the motorist. Once there one dislikes to leave, there is so much of interest, and if you wish to gaze through the great telescope time your trip to arrive between the hours of 7 and 9 on a Saturday night and the pleasure of getting within hailing distance of the moon will be yours.

After figuring up a few calculations on distances and sizes, little old earth seemed so puny that we wondered how anybody could imagine that any of her big brothers of space would bother about putting her out of her misery, any way.

We asked the usual questions as to the moon and Mars and found the director certain that automobiles or humankind would have short shrift in that atmosphere. And as to the end of the world, Doctor Campbell does not seem to be worrying.

SANTA CRUZ AND THE BIG BASIN——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Three routes are open to Santa Cruz, one of which passes through the famous State Redwood Park and the Big Basin country, another over the scenic Soquel grade, and the third, which skirts the coast. The shortest return trip is over the Mt. Charley road, but a more scenic excursion is by way of the Big Basin. "The Examiner" scout car, a Willys-Knight Four, mapped out the trip for bay city motorists. The pictures show some of the scenic stretches of the highway through the State Redwood Park and over the Soquel route, a panorama of Santa Cruz, as it appears from the Coast highway, and Casa Del Rey, which, with the Casino and "Pike," is one of the attractions of the beach city.



THERE is no automobile trip in the log of the motorist that provides a more varied scenic diversion than an excursion through the mountainous district that divides the picturesque beach of Santa Cruz from the valley of Santa Clara. It is a week-end jaunt that combines the mountain and forest and ocean shore, gigantic redwoods second in size only to the groves of Mariposa and Calaveras, cool streams where there lurks many a trout and a vista of great distances as the summit is reached.

"The Examiner" scout car, a Willys-Knight Four, journeyed to Santa Cruz over the Soquel route and returned by way of the Big Basin and the California Redwood Park.

One of the biggest attractions of that section of the country is the grove of Big Trees situated about five miles from the town. It is a private grove—the more's the pity—but it's well worth the nominal sum that they ask to look over these ancient monarchs of the forest. The grove includes the General Fremont tree, 56 feet in circumference and 280 feet in height, in which it is recorded the "Pathfinder" camped and the very stove pipe hole which was cut by the early Californians is reverently preserved by all except the tree, which is rapidly trying to cover up its nakedness with a heavy burl. At the time of the visit of the Pacific fleet there were 56 gobs inside of the tree-cave at one time. Some tree! Fremont, his wife and daughter are said to have hidden in this tree from the Indians at the time of the war with Mexico in 1847.

The oldest living things, these redwoods, yet in some parts of the State they are figuring out the timber measure with the idea of putting an end to a term of life that is awful in its immensity. Semper virens—let us not destroy the Semper.

Santa Cruz has provided a "Pike" of amusements for the summer tourists when they tire of diving through the gigantic breakers or sunning themselves on the beach, or tramping out to the natural wonders that line the coast, the Arch Rock, the natural bridge and monument point. Everything from the hula-hula dancer to the familiar and fragrantly odorous "hot dog" vie for the popular favor.

Then there's tennis—the Pacific Coast championships used to be a feature of the Casa Del Rey—and golf and salmon fishing and fresh water angling in 200 miles of streams.

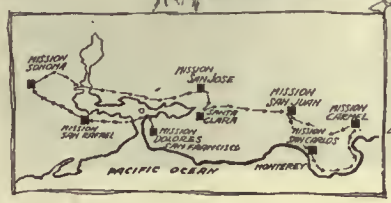
Some of the other monarchs of the Welch grove are: The Jumbo tree, 52 feet in circumference and 290 feet high; General Grant, 55 feet in circumference and 260 feet high, and General Sherman, 62 feet in circumference and 320 feet high.

There is what is known as the Cathedral group, growing from one root, 300 feet in height and 110 feet in circumference. The Beauty tree is 300 feet high, 210 feet to the first limb. The Giant tree, the largest of the group, is 350 feet high and 61 feet in circumference. It is said to contain 80,000 feet of lumber and is one of the most perfect trees in the world.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PADRES——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Starting at Mission Dolores and crossing the Sausalito ferry to Marin County, the motorist finds himself on the circuit of the northern missions. Nothing except the site of the original mission building at San Rafael is left, but the ruins of the Sonoma Mission are still standing, a picturesque reminder of the romantic days of old. From Sonoma down the other side of the bay to Mission San Jose, then in succession, Carmel, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara and San Juan are to be visited. "The Examiner" scout car, a Dodge Brothers Coupe, routed the excursion and V. Nahl of "The Examiner" Art Staff made the crayon sketch of the "home church" of Junipero Serra, at Carmel, called Mission San Carlos Borromeo.






SONOMA MISSION


MISSION SAN CARLOS

IN the romantic history of California there is no more prominent feature than the chronicle of the founding of the missions. The remarkable work of that famous disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, Junipero Serra, and the privations and thrilling experiences through which the padres toiled fill many an interesting page in the story of the development of the Pacific Coast.

Yet there is many a Californian who knows little at first hand of these monuments of the early days and many a motorist merely tabulates them as names without an accompanying connotation of their historic importance or their romantic appeal. The round of the northern missions is an easy motoring tour—a day's or at most a two days' jaunt—and it travels the paved highways. "'The Examiner' Scout Car," a Dodge Brothers coupe, mapped out the excursion and outlined an itinerary that makes a pleasant run for motorists of the bay cities.

The Mission Dolores, of course, is the starting point. This is the oldest of the mission churches, but not in point of founding. The church itself was formally opened on October 9, 1776.

The Mission San Rafael Archangel was founded in 1817 to care for many of the Indians at San Francisco who were ill.

Mission San Francisco Solano was the twenty-first and last of the missions to be founded. Named after the missionary to the Peruvian Indians, it was founded on July 4, 1823.

In 1903 the mission was purchased by William Randolph Hearst and presented to the State.

Mission San Jose was founded on June 11, 1797. The first building was of wood with a grass roof. The new church was completed in 1809 and in 1824 there were 1,806 persons resident there.

Mission San Juan Bautista was founded on June 24, 1797. The church was erected in 1798 and was constructed of adobe and tile. Cinnabar used in the mortar adds a yellow tinge to the appearance of the walls, particularly noticeable in the evening. The church is 200 feet by 70 and is 45 feet high. There were no pews, the worshipers standing or kneeling for the services. The church was restored in 1884.

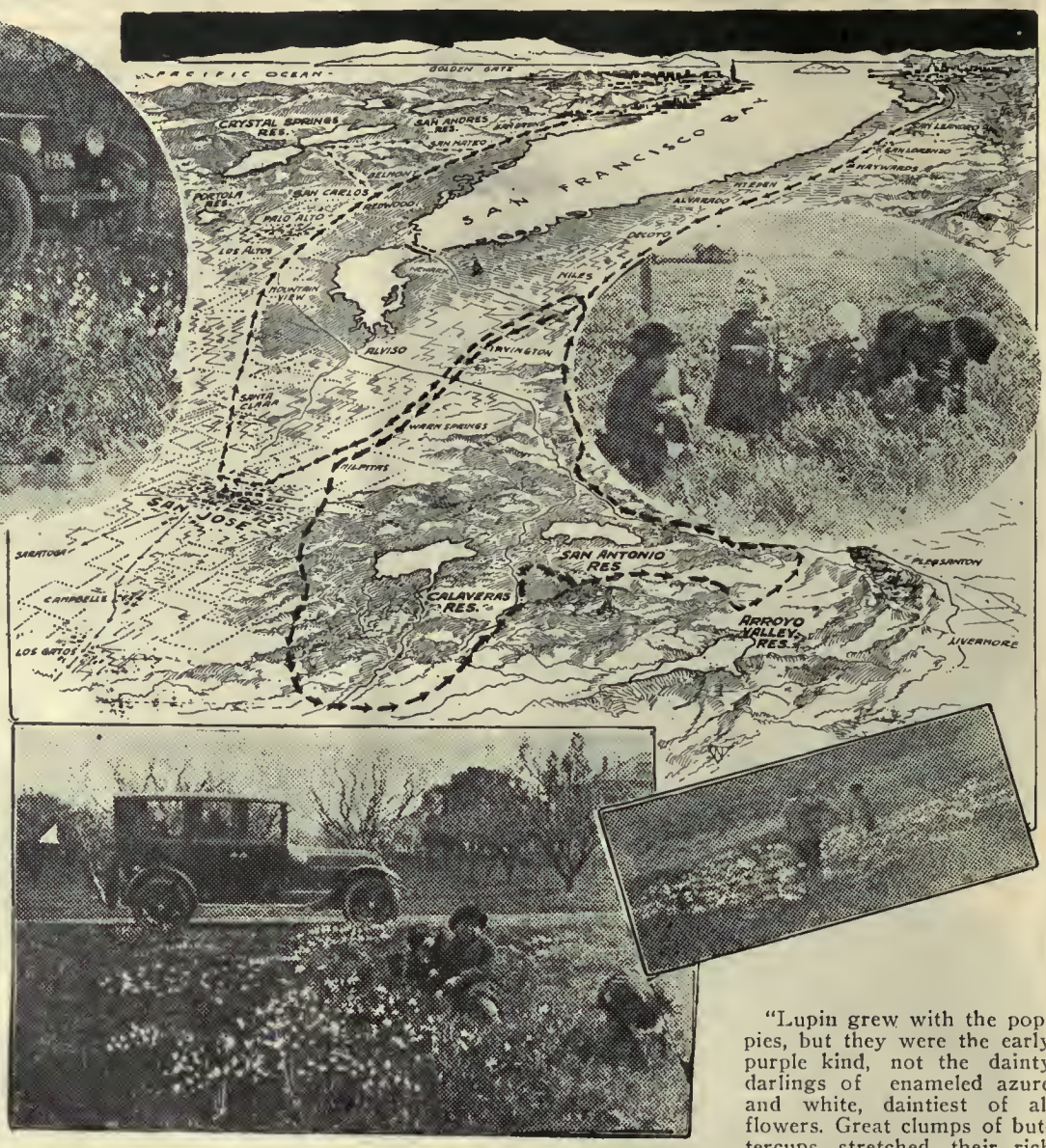
Mission San Carlos Borromeo at Carmel was Junipero Serra's own church. It was founded on June 3, 1770, and now presents one of the noblest ruins of all the mission chain. Here Serra died on August 28, 1784.

Mission Santa Cruz was founded on August 28, 1791, and was one of the most prosperous of all the northern churches. In 1830 the mission had accumulated $25,000 in silver plate, 43,000 head of cattle, 72,500 sheep and 3,500 horses and mules.

OUT WHERE THE WILD FLOWERS BLOOM————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Springtime is poppy-time and then the hills around the bay are aflame with the California flower. But there are buttercups, too, and daisies pied, and many other wee folk of the earth that are looking up out of their green chalices in the sunshine of spring. An "Examiner" scout car, a Chandler, mapped out an excursion for motorists of the bay cities that visit the haunts of the April blossoms. The map will direct your path to a gorgeous bouquet.





CALIFORNIA is known throughout the world for her wildflowers. The gold of the poppy and the blue of the lupin and all the rest of the rainbow through every shade of the spectrum are reproduced on California's springtime hills. Here is the story of California's wildflowers as told by Arthur Price of "The Examiner" staff:

"Flung far on the slopes east of Berryessa was a great golden banner—like that rich silken pennant that the Chinese flaunted before they became republican, but the gold was more ruddy than the yellow that the Chinese monarchists followed.

"This golden banner, this pageant of ruddy gold, lay against a background as green as the beautiful flag that Erin loved for many centuries before it became republican, de facto, if not de jure, and wove a flag of paler hues but more virile determination.

"What is there in this modern republican movement that gives vigor to a people and wrings beauty from its banners?

"But that is a problem for other folk to deal with, we are out after poppies.

"And there they are, far flung across the Santa Clara hills, acres of them, a miracle of color. Gold, gold, gold. Brightening the vivid hills, flaunting the shadows that come from the clouds Sing Kee of Santa Clara had tried to conjure up to fulfill his prophecy of a rainy Sunday.

"Through the park, where flowers are tamed, we went, then out to the Junipero Serra boulevard and to the Mission road. In the Ingleside district we had our first glimpse of the wild poppies, but most of them were in captivity. Along by the golf links little flower girls stood with great bunches of poppies culled from the adjacent meadows.

"We sped along the Sierra highway, the road which leads to Mount Hamilton, and then, at the Sierra grade, which climbs to the Calaveras country (we were now southeast of Milpitas), we soared to the golden acres.

"There were the poppies, big, bright cups of ruddy gold. Chalices is a word that suggests itself, so large and ruddy are the flowers, but chalice has an ecclesiastical suggestion.

"The wind turned the petals and the flowers billowed in the sun as we watched them from the 'magic casement' of a sedan.

"'Magic casement,' indeed. Better than Keats ever knew.

"For sheltered and snug behind the plate glass of the automobile's windows we drove over the smooth highway, most of the way on the paved roads, here and there on the hard macadam, and through the casements of the sedan we looked on the flowers.

"Lupin grew with the poppies, but they were the early purple kind, not the dainty darlings of enameled azure and white, daintiest of all flowers. Great clumps of buttercups stretched their rich little petals in the sun like tiny butterflies spreading their wings for flight. Iris shoots came up, promising lovely flowers.

"There were the mustard patches—they much the color of the lost flag of the Chinese celestial kingdom—that land perhaps as far from heaven, governmentally, as ever nation was, but still celestial with its banner of sunrise.

"Here were the mustard patches and there the poppies on the hills east of Berryessa, east of Milpitas, east of San Jose. Acres of gold, and the car, without a quiver, turned from the Sierra highway which skirts the Santa Clara valley up the Sierra grades which lead to the Calaveras country (all in Santa Clara county.)

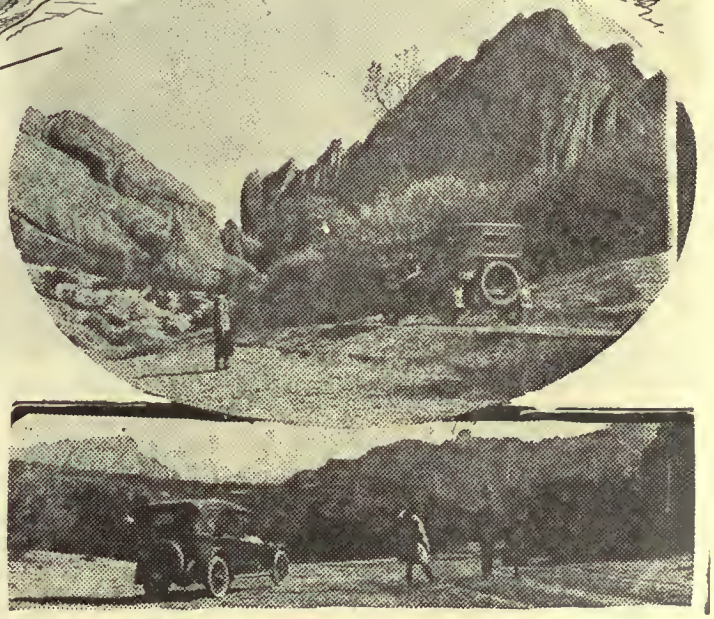
"By an orchard fence we stopped, the trusty, tireless tires resting in the lush short grass of spring. Over the fence were pear trees with their white blooms bursting silently, but almost as expeditiously as corn in the popper."

SOLEDAD MISSION AND THE PINNACLES———AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

A round trip that can be made in a day, but that contains enough material of interest for an entire summer—that is the trip to the Pinnacles and the Soledad Mission on which "The Examiner" scout car, a Haynes, went. The Pinnacles, with their caves and spires and domes, their constantly changing skyline, and their awe-inspiring vistas of rocky heights and deep chasms, comprise one of the most remarkable scenes open to the motorist. The Haynes negotiated the entire 146 miles to the gates of the Pinnacles in a running time of 4 hours, 29 minutes; and a motorist who delights to "loaf" along the highway can do it easily in a six-hour run. Some of the scenes en route and within the confines of this natural wonderland are shown below.







THE Garden of the Titans, that was the name given to them by one of the early explorers of that marvelous region that lies in the vicinity of Soledad on El Camino Real. And it does not belie its name. Better known now as the Pinnacles, this "little Yosemite" is a California "Garden of the Gods" that surpasses the grandeur of the better known region in Colorado.

It's an easy round trip in a day, but you won't have much time left to explore that which you went forth to see. It is 134 miles to Soledad by the Great Highway and "The Examiner" scout car, a Haynes, made it in an even four hours. But the majority of motorists probably would take a more leisurely pace. There's much to see on the way. It's worth one's while to halt in the sleepy old town of San Juan and visit the mission. The San Juan grade itself is a small edition of the world famous ridge route in Southern California and it provides some wonderful vistas of valley and hill.

On Captain Cook's voyage to the Pacific Coast, George Vancouver included a chronicle of a visit to some high peaks in the vicinity of Monterey. The "re-discovery" of the region was made almost a century after Vancouver's visit through some Englishman's following the trail of Vancouver on this coast.

The Pinnacles may be approached either from Soledad or Hollister, the skyline changing continually as the motorist winds around the mountain road and nears the gate of the reservation. A strange peak that stands out like a skeleton of some great mountain of a bygone age can be seen for miles around. This was called by the Indians "The Tooth." It is a region which would serve as a moving picture background for Jules Verne's "Voyage to the Moon," as there is nothing that it resembles more than some of our telescopic photographs of the dead satellite of the earth.

The scene as one enters the canyon reminds one of a bad dream. It is a nightmare of nature, a land of Hyperion and the elder gods, the home of a Shelleyan Prometheus or a Frankenstein. Cathedrals, mighty arches, gigantic caves, and a shout reverberates from rock to rock like the peal of thunder.

It is a trip to stimulate the imagination. Far different from the sublime grandeur of Yosemite, it seems a weird region that God and man forgot.

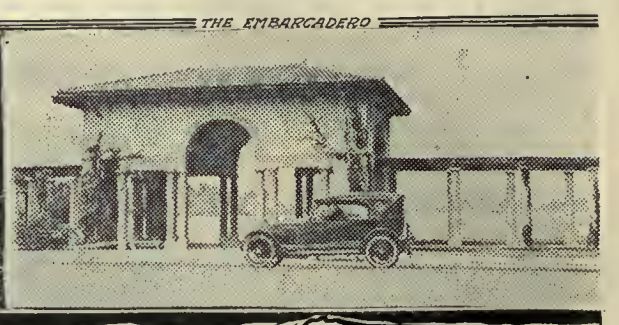
The Pinnacles, "La Calera of the Spaniards," was known to the Indians long before the arrival of the white man and the presence of many stones of flint that seem to have been shaped into arrowheads, and some of the caves where legend says the Redskin once lived add proof to the theory that this was once the habitat of some California aborigine.

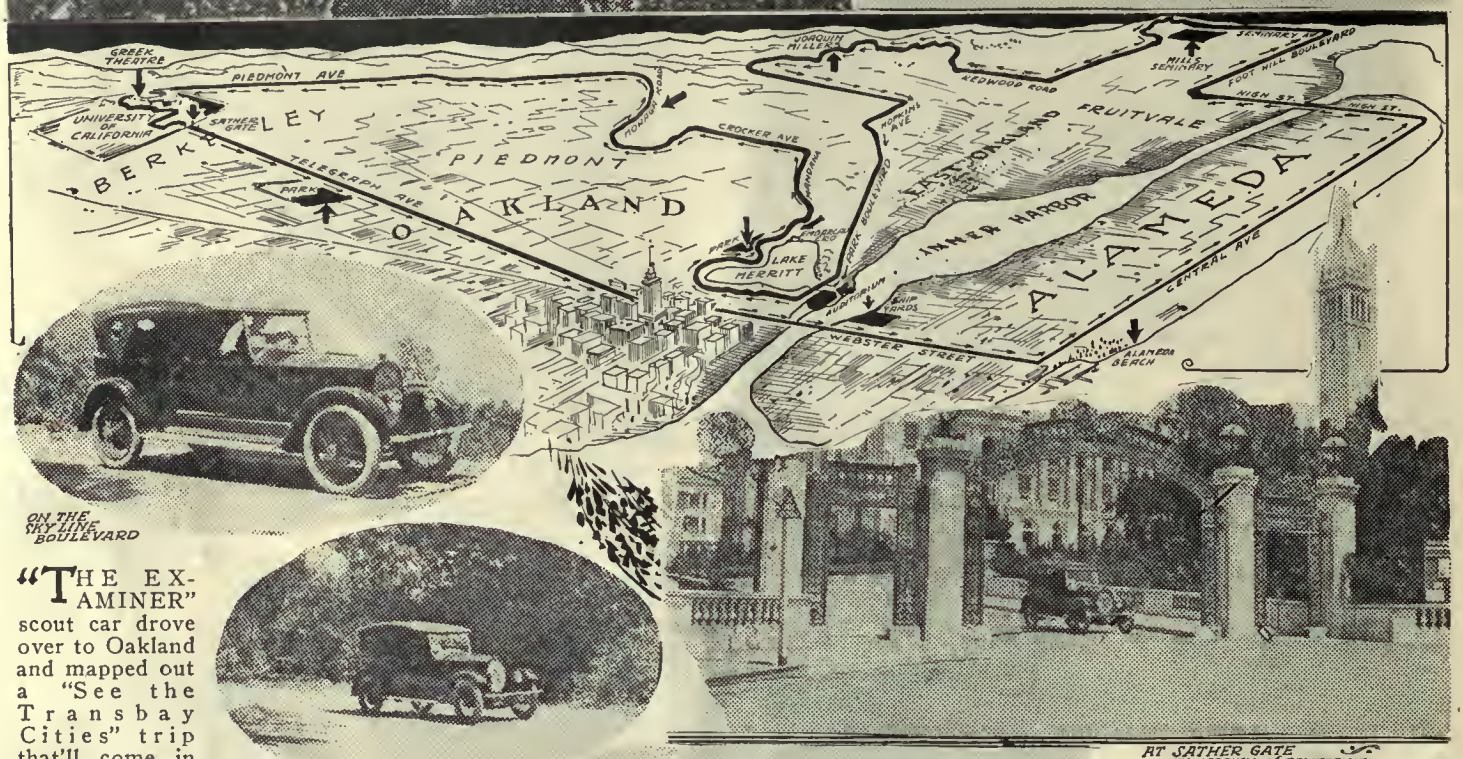
The explorer Cabrillo is said to have met an Indian chief who hailed from the Pinnacles at the town of Carpenteria.

THE SCENIC PATHS AROUND OAKLAND——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Many a motorist knows the highways of the "far country" far better than he knows those of his own home. "The Examiner" scout car, an Apperson, mapped out a transbay excursion that is well worth a day's jaunt.


THE GREEK THEATER

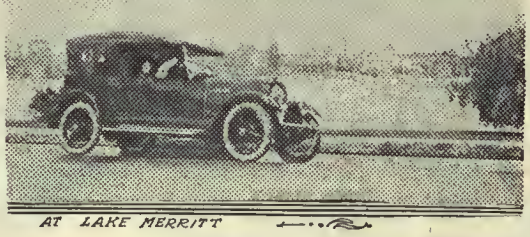

THE EMBARCADERO



ON THE SKY LINE BOULEVARD

ON MORAGA ROAD

AT SATHER GATE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA


AT LAKE MERRITT

"THE EXAMINER" scout car drove over to Oakland and mapped out a "See the Transbay Cities" trip that'll come in handy when you're taking around a visitor.

The start was made from the foot of Broadway as the car turned from the Creek Route ferry to the Webster street bridge, crossed the bridge and proceeded to Central avenue, passing the shipbuilding plants with their gigantic machinery that seemed to spring up overnight when the nation was busy with war. Then comes "Beach Row" in Alameda with its world-renowned amusement features. A turn to the left and the car follows Central avenue, Alameda's broad, well-paved boulevard that is the main artery of the city's traffic.

At High street another left turn leads the traveler to Oakland again, where the Foothill boulevard carries one out to Seminary avenue and one of the showplaces of Alameda County, Mills College. Then back toward the center of the city over the county road, passing through the redwoods and the wild country that frames the hillside of Oakland, past the home of Joaquin Miller, poet of the Sierra, along beautiful Park boulevard to Lake Merritt and Oakland's magnificent Civic Auditorium. Around the lake and out again along Mandana boulevard to the famous skyline road, from which some of the finest scenes of the bay district are to be had.

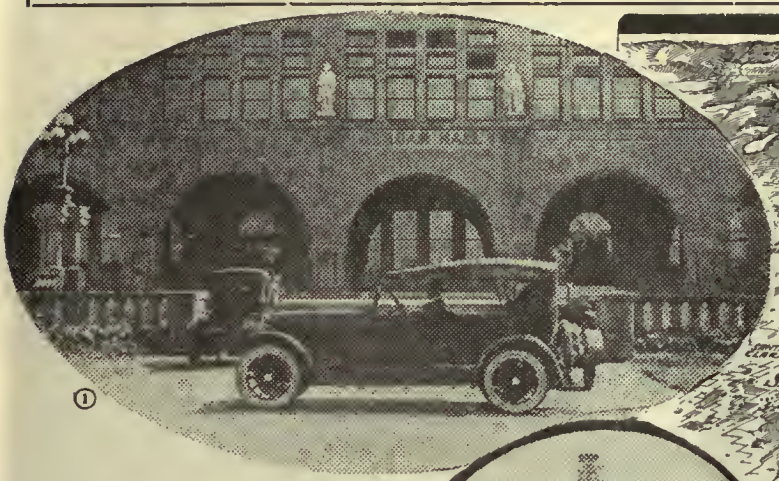
Turn left at the tunnel and follow the winding tunnel road into Berkeley through the Piedmont district and its beautiful homes and on to the campus of the University of California. Then back to First and Broadway again over any of the paved roads that lead from Oakland to the university.

It is an inspiration to one who lives in the bay district to make such a trip. It helps a resident to appreciate his home and there are few visitors who could make the trip and not feel the "irresistible urge" to make this part of the country their home. Try a "home trip" and you'll find therein many beauties you have not imagined were there.

"The hills back of Berkeley," writes a tourist, "are seamed with a network of deep ravines and mimic canyons, through which one may wander in wildness for hours without meeting a single human being or discovering a sign of any human habitation. The whole region is virtually untrodden by man, save an occasional botanist, a geologist or sportsman. Yet many a scene of rare beauty is prisoned within these walls. Three miles from Berkeley, accessible by what is known as the Berryman road, is Wildcat Canyon, through which flows Wildcat Creek for more than a dozen miles, on its way to the bay. The two forks of the creek take their rise near the summit, in mountain springs, and, as they race down the hillside, a rich growth of vegetation springs up along their course, while their banks are overhung with tall trees. The scenery along the whole length of the canyon is extremely picturesque. Flanked by a steep, rocky wall on one side and sloping mountains on the other, carpeted with grass and flowers, with its groves of stately trees, the path of the stream is one of exquisite beauty. Every few rods the brook plunges into a deep pool, shrouded with moss-grown trees and bordered with delicate ferns."

PICNICKING DAYS IN NILES CANYON——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

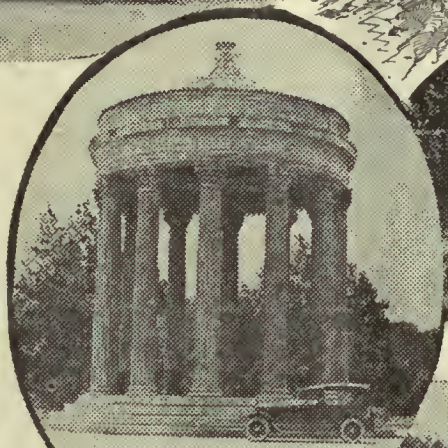
With the joy days of vacation season there's a powerful attraction in the way of beauty of scenery and sylvan repose in the famous Niles Canyon. "The Examiner" scout car, a Jordan Silhouette, mapped out the trip, found the roads in excellent shape and sketched out a road map for other bay city motorists who want to enjoy themselves on a day's picnic tour or on a week or so jaunt "roughing it" in camp.



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SUMMER days, picnic days, days of the call of the open road, vacation days, camping days, days of hiking, joy days, they're here now and many a city motorist is answering their insistent call. There's health in the hills, there's health in the highways, there's health in the trail and the man with the motor car is gamboling in the midst of it all.

Have you ever camped in cool Niles Canyon beside the picturesque creek under the spreading branches of the oaks and the sycamores and the eucalyptus? Have you ever enjoyed a swim in the cool pools that lie on every turn of that scenic road? Have you ever enjoyed a picnic lunch beside that gurgling stream? If you haven't you've missed something and it is time you made it up with old Dame Nature.

"The Examiner" scout car, a Jordan Silhouette, sped over the ferry to Oakland and routed out a pleasant day's excursion. The Foothill blvd. or the East Fourteenth pavement offers an enjoyable ride from Oakland, and just before Hayward is reached there's a sharp left turn that leads to Dublin Canyon and the rich agricultural district that lies near Sunol and Pleasanton.

A visit to the Spring Valley Company's water tower is a pleasing diversion, then the highway wends its winding way through the canyon of Niles creek. The stream ripples over moss covered boulders, now tumbling down in a white cascade, then silent as it widens to a vast pool. Many of these pools are populated now, for youthful spirits are on the lookout for just such ole "swimming holes" as these and there's a gay chorus of shouts as the motor hums past.

There are camps galore, but there are thousands of camping places left and it offers a cool retreat when the sun waxes a wee bit hot and the breezes forget to blow as cool as they are wont to do.

After passing through this cool vale of the summer camper a circuit of the lower arm of the bay adds a bit of variety to the excursion. Through Mission San Jose, where there's a touch of the romantic and historic to be seen. Then San Jose with its beautiful tree-lined boulevards and its pretty homesites. The Santa Clara is one of the most beautiful valleys in all California. For picturesque scenery, artistic homes and variety of fruit and other products it is unexcelled. This land of the blossom was once a great inland sea. Marine shells found underneath the surface soil give testimony to this and pebbles and boulders tell of the heyday of the "wets."

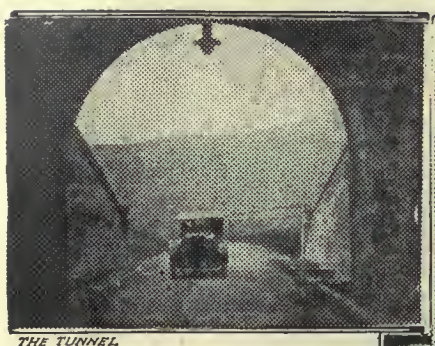
The valley is sheltered from the ocean winds by the Santa Cruz Mountains and is shut off from San Luis Obispo County by a mountain barrier. The hot winds from the Mojave are kept out by the high peaks of the Coast Range and the cool breeze from San Francisco Bay tempers the thermometer to a moderate scale. Live oaks, eucalyptus and the tropical palm vie with the inhabitants of the orchard in dispensing shade and a great portion of this fertile plain is given over to fields of grain, patches of brown in a setting of green.

On the way back from San Jose there's the Stanford University "farm" to be visited and this in itself is well worth the trip down the peninsula. The motorist may well spend an hour or two in driving through the campus around the great lawn circles, and perhaps enjoying a visit to the memorial chapel and the famous Stanford Museum with its remarkable collection of Egyptian potteries and scarabs.

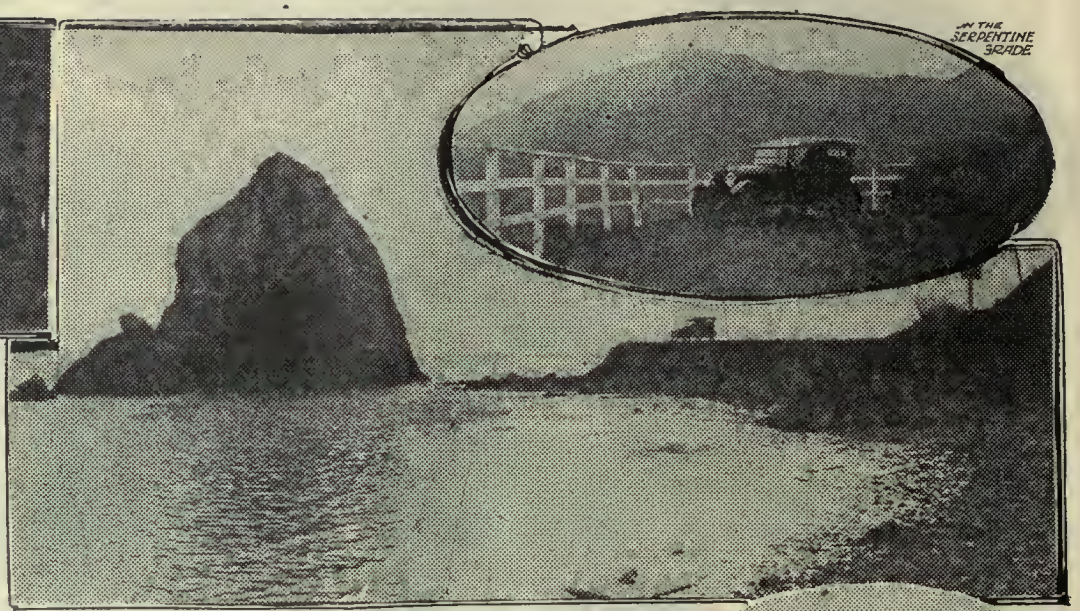
Then, with the cool breezes of the bay before you, the Great Highway pierces into the heart of the great city. It's only a step by motor car from the country to the city and the contrast is the more remarkable for the speed of the change. All in all, it's a wonderful day's excursion, pleasant in that it's easy and full of interest and scenic enjoyment.

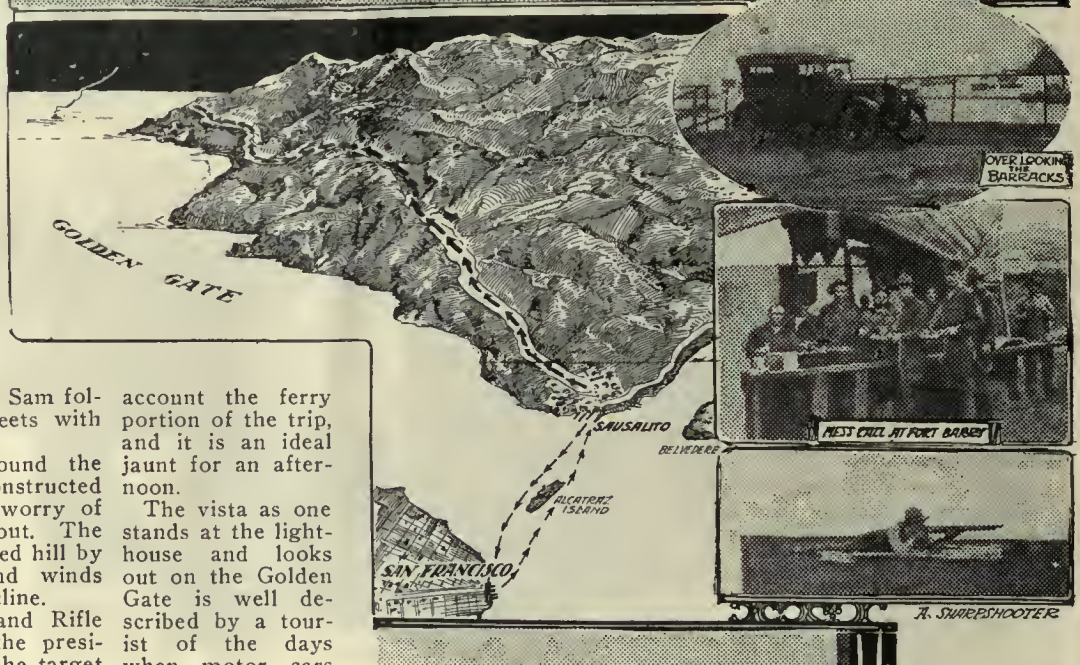
FORT BARRY AND POINT LOBOS——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Turn to the left at Sausalito and follow the Government road through Fort Barry to Point Lobos and you will find yourself on one of the best short tours that the bay cities can boast. It affords a wonderful view of San Francisco and the Golden Gate and the back country about Mt. Tamalpais. The roads are in shape for any kind of weather and you won't need skid chains, rain or shine. "The Examiner" scout car, a Lexington, made the excursion. A pleasant variant for the return trip is to turn to the right about a hundred yards from the rifle range and take the "skyline road" that winds around the peaks. This road comes out at "Sugarloaf Bay," a little inlet that looks like a miniature Avalon.



THE TUNNEL





A SHARPSHOOTER



AT SAUSALITO

THERE'S a short little trip for the rainy days that can be made between showers. It affords a vista of mountain and sea, a remarkable view of the Golden Gate and San Francisco, with many a little inlet and rocky bit of coastline that is well worth the expedition in itself. The route lies out of Sausalito with a swing to the left over the Government reservation road, through Fort Barry and on to the Point Lobos lighthouse that looks out on the Golden Gate.

It seems that there are three points that go under the name of Lobos. They have one out by the Cliff House, there's another down by Monterey, and this one which claims to be the only and original Point Lobos is reached through the Government reservation at Fort Barry. The lighthouse keepers must have a job keeping their mail separated, if Uncle Sam follows the directions that one meets with in perusing the various maps.

The Lexington scout car found the roads in ideal shape and so constructed that rain or shine there is no worry of skidding, with chains or without. The highway runs through a good-sized hill by way of a half-mile tunnel and winds around the hills in a gradual incline.

At the rifle range the Oakland Rifle Club was enjoying itself and the president of the club took a pop at the target for the benefit of the photographer. Another interesting exhibition put on for the visitors was a run for "chow," staged by the khaki-clad residents of Fort Barry. "Come on, you chow-hounds. Seconds now, seconds," and they all came a-running, and it looked mighty inviting at that.

After reaching the lighthouse the return trip may be varied by shunting off to the right after passing the rifle range. This road is the "skyline" and affords a wonderful sight of the city and the Gate. It has its outlet at "Sugarloaf Bay," a tiny inlet that bears a great resemblance to Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

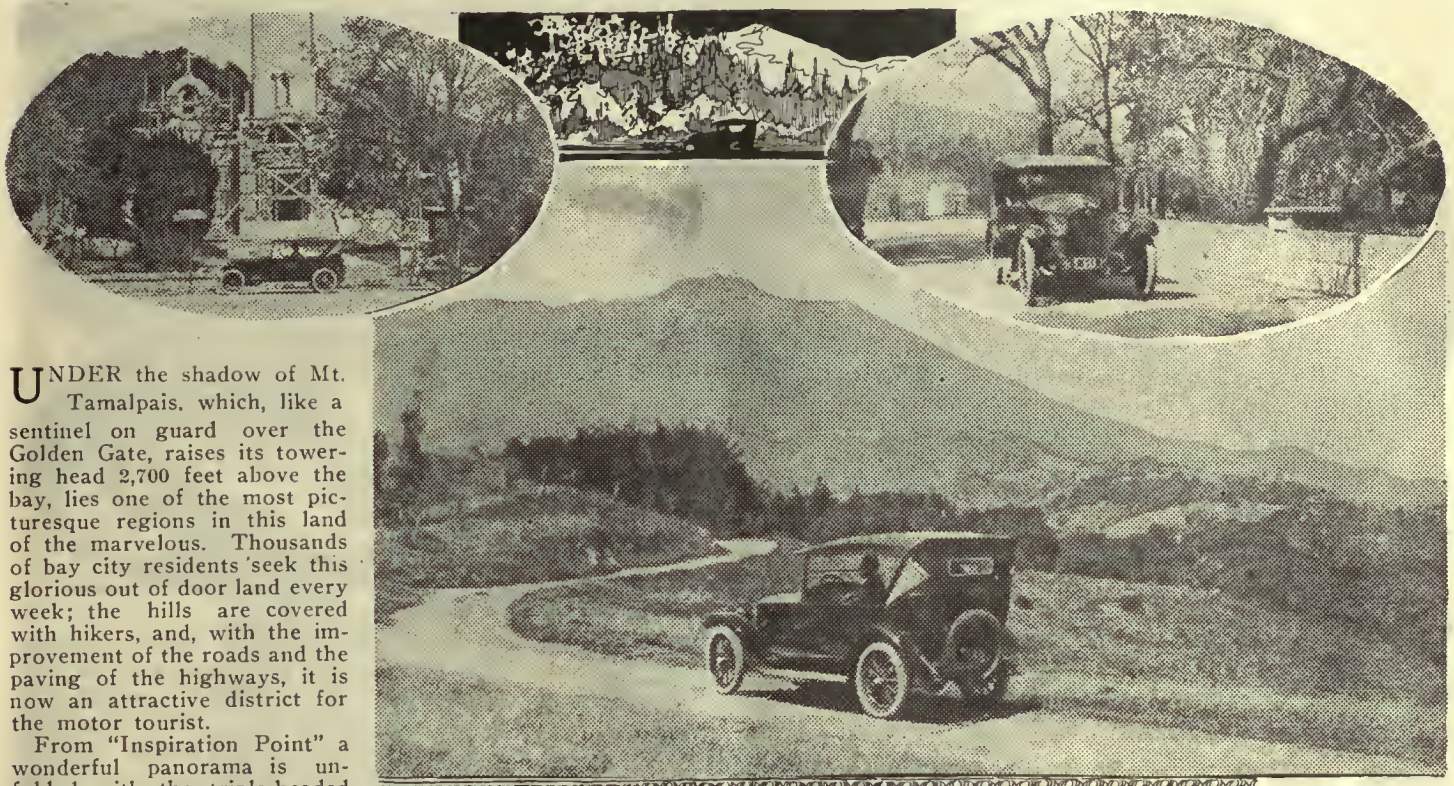
Red berries are in bloom and the road is lined with them on the way to Sausalito. The entire route round trip covers approximately 30 miles without taking into account the ferry portion of the trip, and it is an ideal jaunt for an afternoon.

The vista as one stands at the lighthouse and looks out on the Golden Gate is well described by a tourist of the days when motor cars were unknown:

"Across the narrow strait lies the Presidio, the cliffs and Seal Rocks. San Francisco's hills bound the southeastern horizon; vessels of every fashion sail or steam to and fro, laden with the wealth of nations, while the jagged coast stretches northward followed by breakers that form a long line of foam. The eye looks north as far as Bolinas and the reef below Duxbury Point, to reach which is a day's journey along a coast and mountain road of rare beauty. Bolinas with its pretty bay, the greater part of which at low tide is transformed into a great sand bed, slumbers quietly the greater part of the year, content with its rich soil and gigantic clams until the summer solstice sends humanity to its beach for breath, of which there is abundance. Yet time was when Bolinas supplied San Francisco with its lumber. Unique and wild as is the coast road from Sausalito to Bolinas, it hardly eclipses the mountain route between these points."

MILL VALLEY AND MUIR WOODS——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

The famous redwood grove that bears the name of John Muir attracts thousands of week-end tourists throughout the year. It is an ideal Sunday's drive for the motorist. The road circles about the base of Mt. Tamalpais, which stands as a mighty sentinel over the Golden Gate. At the upper left is the new San Rafael church, which stands on the site of the old mission. At the right is "The Examiner" scout car, a Liberty Six, beside one of the sloping knolls that are now covered with wild flowers. The picture in the center was taken at "Inspiration Point," with Mt. Tamalpais in the background. Below is the map of the trip, drawn by "The Examiner" staff artist.



UNDER the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais, which, like a sentinel on guard over the Golden Gate, raises its towering head 2,700 feet above the bay, lies one of the most picturesque regions in this land of the marvelous. Thousands of bay city residents seek this glorious out of door land every week; the hills are covered with hikers, and, with the improvement of the roads and the paving of the highways, it is now an attractive district for the motor tourist.

From "Inspiration Point" a wonderful panorama is unfolded with the triple-headed mountain peak as the "rear drop" for the scene. The tiny homes are rapidly climbing the mountainside, blazing a trail through the chaparral and forests. And the wild flowers, too, are there gilding the hills with golden poppies and buttercups, with here and there a patch of deep blue where the lupin grows.

The county derives its name from Marin, famous chief of the Lacatuits, who preceded the American settlers. Marin kept out the Spaniards in the early days of the nineteenth century, but in 1824 he was captured and his tribe was scattered. Marin later escaped and took refuge on the tiny island in the bay which has since borne his name.

Marin was recaptured and was saved from death only by the intervention of some mission priests of the Mission San Rafael, which is now restored. Marin was converted to Christianity and died in San Rafael in 1834.

Three hundred years before Marin settled on the promontory Cabrillo and Sir Francis Drake landed there.

But apart from the historical interest of the land about the base of Tamalpais its scenic value is recognized by every visitor. Sausalito (little willow copse) is a picturesque little town and as the rendezvous of the yachtsmen comes into social prominence during the summer season.

The banks of the San Gregorio, with their wild tangle of greenery, the quaintness of San Anselmo, the commercial interest of Petaluma, the mission romance of old San Rafael—all, all add their bit to the picturesque ensemble.



And then the woods, the gigantic redwood forest named in honor of California's great naturalist, John Muir, there is an objective that in itself makes the motor trip to the foot of Tamalpais worth the while. Fern and bracken, shaded aisles through which the sunbeams dance, mossy banks and brilliant wild blooms of every variety—this seems Eden itself. The azure of the heavens is seen through the network of foliage and everywhere the perfume of the wilderness, the tang of the forest, is on the air.

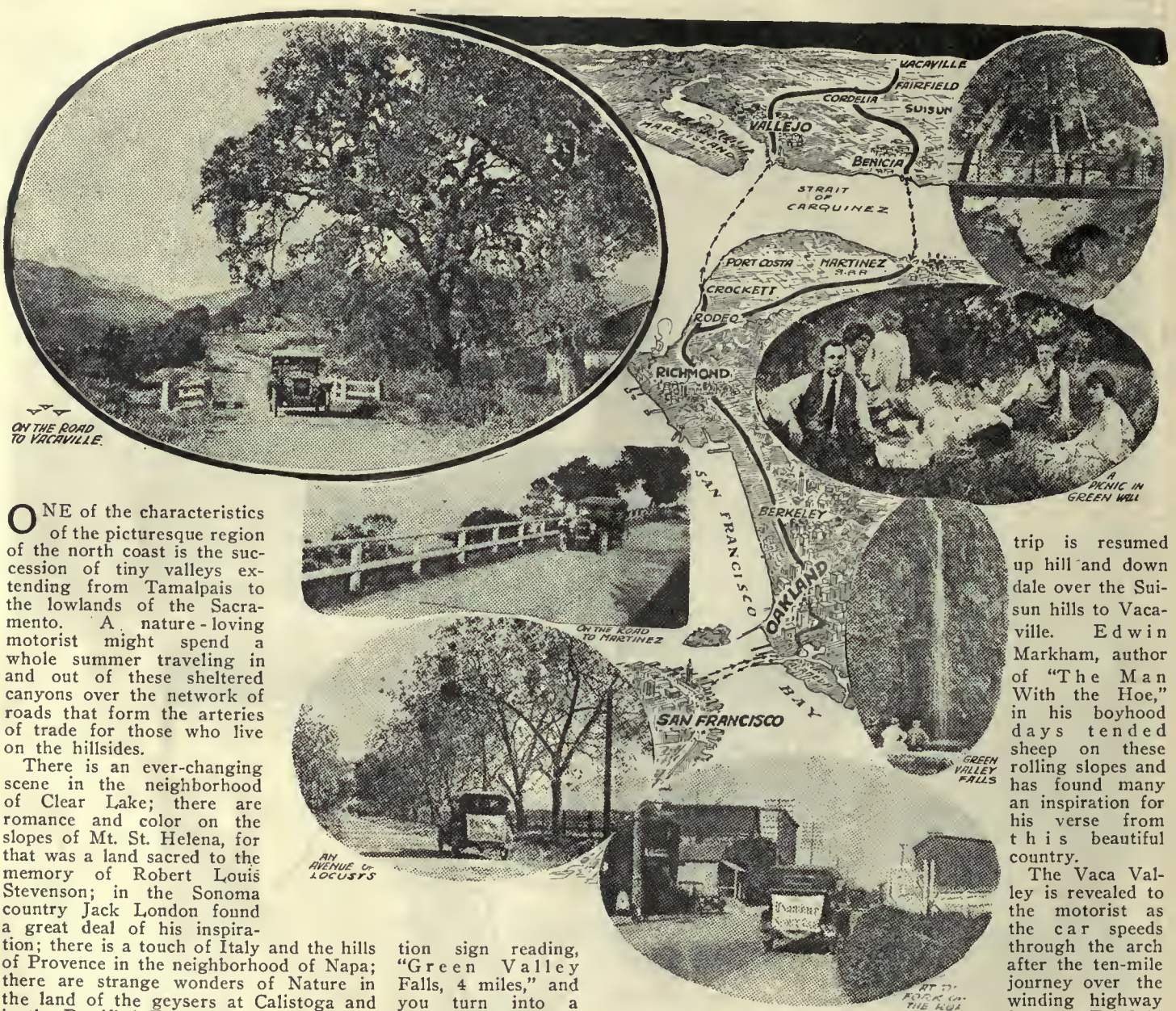
"The Examiner" scout car, a Liberty six, mapped out the trip for the bay city motorists and found the highways in excellent shape and the scenery "dolled up" in her Sunday best for all the world to see.

There are many derivations suggested for the name of Tamalpais. Someone has decided that "Tamal" means coast and "pais" mountain, so Tamalpais would be the "Coast Mountain." Another authority derives the name from the Aztec "tamal" meaning a boiled preparation of corn meal and meat wrapped in a corn husk, similar to the Mexican "tamales." "Pais" is Spanish for "country" and the name may be classed as a probable hybrid.

The mountain itself constitutes the major portion of Marin County.

GREEN VALLEY FALLS AND THE VACA VALLEY—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Sheltered from the chill ocean breezes and bordered by rolling hills, northeast of Vallejo lie the picturesque regions of Green Valley and Vacaville. "The Examiner" scout car, a new Jackson, mapped out the trip for motorists of the bay cities. Mare Island and Vallejo City are supplied with water from the springs that lie in Green Valley, while from the tiny Vaca Valley come the early fruits that have made California famous throughout the East. Paved highway extends all the way, with no detours to garner dust and worry. The map, by "The Examiner" staff artist, shows the route taken by the scout car.



ONE of the characteristics of the picturesque region of the north coast is the succession of tiny valleys extending from Tamalpais to the lowlands of the Sacramento. A nature-loving motorist might spend a whole summer traveling in and out of these sheltered canyons over the network of roads that form the arteries of trade for those who live on the hillsides.

There is an ever-changing scene in the neighborhood of Clear Lake; there are romance and color on the slopes of Mt. St. Helena, for that was a land sacred to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson; in the Sonoma country Jack London found a great deal of his inspiration; there is a touch of Italy and the hills of Provence in the neighborhood of Napa; there are strange wonders of Nature in the land of the geysers at Calistoga and in the Petrified Forests that lie as monuments to a day when man was not.

Then in the back country of Vallejo and Benicia there are havens galore for the motor tourist, picnic spots that lie within a few hours' ride of the bay cities. "The Examiner" scout car, a new Jackson, visited the canyon of Green Valley and the fruit region of Vacaville and mapped out the trip for bay city motorists.

The ferry carries you over the Carquinez Straits, where as late as 1847 great bands of elk were to be found on their way from Livermore to the pastures around Clear Lake. At Vallejo, if you wish to visit the picturesque Green Valley Falls, a permit must be secured, as the canyon is carefully guarded as the water source of Mare Island and Vallejo.

At the fork of the road at Cordelia you encounter the State Automobile Association sign reading, "Green Valley Falls, 4 miles," and you turn into a paved roadway that leads to one of the prettiest little sections the State can boast.

Through an aisle of locusts, with vineyards on either side and here and there a stretch of cherry orchards and acres of apricots and pears, and your speeding chariot brings you to the gateway of the valley. The valley is well named. Fern and bracken and wildflowers of every description line the narrow footpath that leads to the waterfall. The cascade, itself more than a hundred feet in height, is precipitated through a network of vines interwoven with three-fingered fern and the heavy foliage, densely massed on either side of the falls, glistens in the sunlight that sifts through the heavy growth at the summit of the gorge.

After a luncheon beside the brook that threads its way through the valley, the trip is resumed up hill and down dale over the Suisun hills to Vacaville. Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe," in his boyhood days tended sheep on these rolling slopes and has found many an inspiration for his verse from this beautiful country.

The Vaca Valley is revealed to the motorist as the car speeds through the arch after the ten-mile journey over the winding highway from Fairfield and Suisun. In the center of the valley is "Old Rocky," a tall, rock-crowned barren peak that commands a wonderful view of the fertile country that stretches away to the hills that enclose the valley. From this can be seen Pleasant Valley and Winters, and the priceless cherry lands that are so well known in the East.

Beyond Pleasant Valley the hills drop to the Putah Creek Canyon, where the water flows fresh and cool from its wanderings through Berryessa and the wild ravines beyond.

On the return trip, after passing Cordelia, turn left on the highway to Benicia, and after crossing to Martinez on the ferry try the scenic highway that runs along the bay shore to Crockett. That stretch in itself is well worth the trip.

THE CIRCLE OF MOUNT TAMALPAIS——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

A series of vistas of mountain, sea and valley is included on the "Great Circle" of Tamalpais, the mountain sentinel of San Francisco Bay. "The Examiner" scout car, a Stephens Salient Six, routed a pleasant one-day's excursion in Marin county for bay city motorists which follows the windings of the Olympic Club's Dipsea trail to Willow Camp and Stinson beach and then takes the mountain road for Fairfax and San Anselmo. Marin county is full of historic landmarks, the place-names themselves recalling the days of the Indians and some of the early explorers, such as Drake and Bodega.



THERE'S a delightful one-day automobile excursion for the bay city motorist that is sometimes overlooked because it is a little off the paved highway. It's a favored jaunt of the hikers and the Olympic Club has set it down as its own particular province, but it is not frequented as often as it should be by the motorist.

The ferry to Sausalito, a few miles along the highway, a turn to the left over a narrow but very acceptable piece of gravel mountain road and you are on the way to Willow Camp and Stinson Beach and making the Great Circle with Mt. Tamalpais as the radiating center. Half of the trip runs beside the ocean's brim and half of it on the winding, picturesque way through Manzanita Canyon and Tamalpais Valley, threading through shady lanes and picturesque, wooded slopes, with now and then a picture of the open sea framed by the circling branches of the wind-torn oaks.

The old mountain sentinel of the Marin Peninsula stands 2,700 feet up in the clouds, and on the day the scout car, a Stephens Salient Six, negotiated the trip the fogs were rolling up the sides of the precipitous sea slopes and wreathing the peak in a hoary beard of mist. Forest and chaparral cover its sides and there's many a tiny creek that rolls its way down through the craggy heights.

The Nicasio Indians used to live near Mt. Tamalpais and it is thought that their language gave the mountain its name. "Tamal" means "coast" and "pais" "mountain." There is also a supposition extant that the mountain was named after an Indian tribe called the "Tomales." Marin County itself received its name from the chief of the Lacatuits, who opposed the Spanish occupancy of the land between 1815 and 1824. Only a few miles north of the mountain was the landing place of Cabrillo in 1542 and of Sir Francis Drake in 1579.

Under orders from Philip of Spain, General Sebastian Viscaino explored the coast of California and anchored in 1603 under the lee of Point Reyes. He it was who gave the name to the treacherous jut of land "Punta de los Reyes" or "Point of the Kings." The first known wreck on the California coast occurred in 1595, when Sebastian Cermenon, en route from Manila to Acapulco, was beached at Point Reyes. So the whole of Marin County abounds with historical interests as well as with the picturesque.

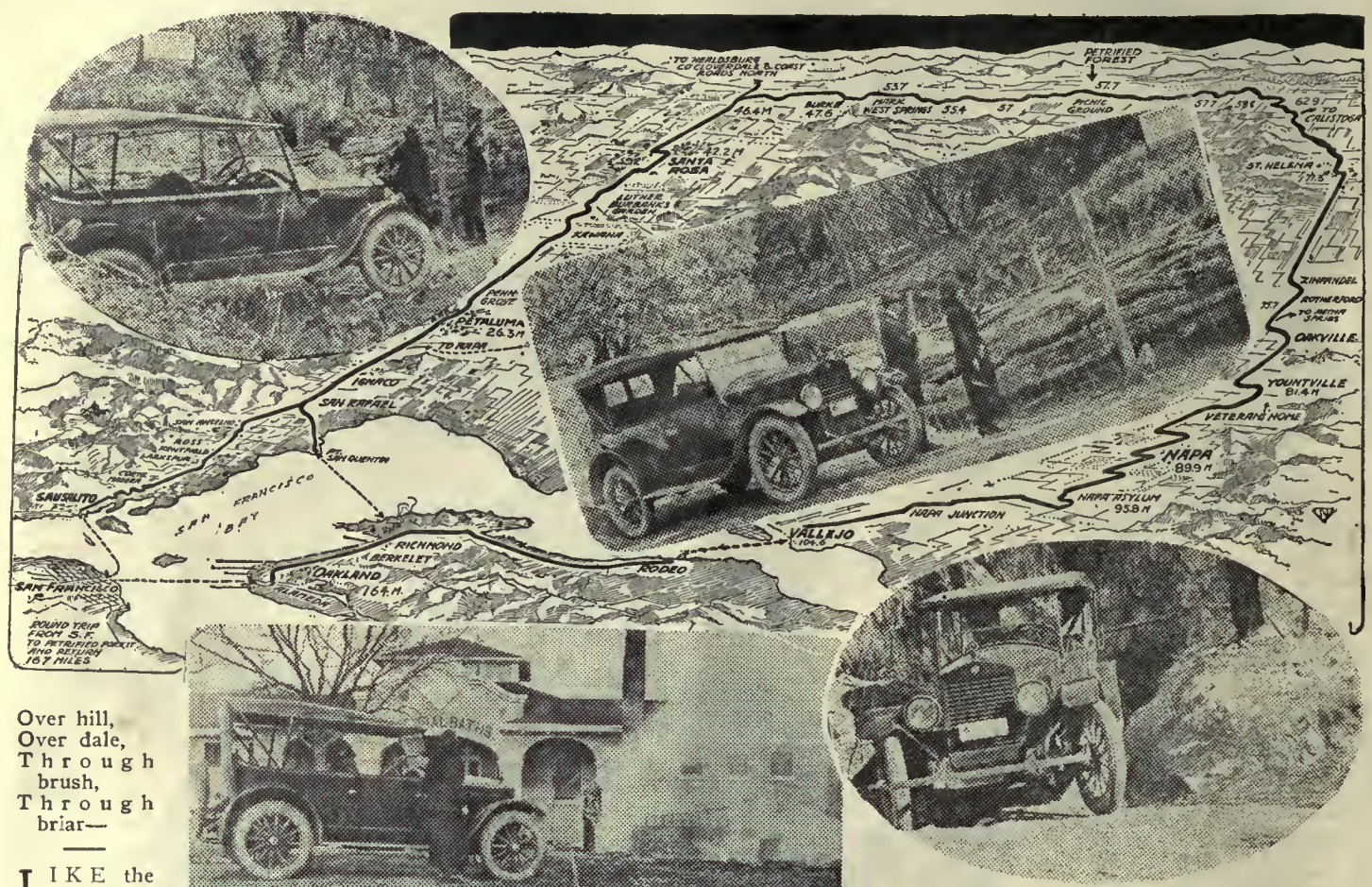
The Dipsea race, the annual run of the Olympic Club, travels over much of the ground the motorist covers in his circle of the peak. The trip may be made a two-days' outing with additional pleasure to the tourist by driving on up to Bodega Bay, where Bodega y Quadra landed on October 3, 1775, and Fort Ross, where Russia once had a flourishing settlement and where the old Greek church still stands.

The Stephens car that made the trip was admirably suited to the excursion, making the steepest kind of hills in high gear and adding a feeling of confidence by its ability to glide around turns where you almost meet yourself coming back.

The roads are good on the entire trip in spite of the winding quality of the mountain trails, and although it is necessary to use care in driving there is no danger.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

One of California's wonder spots, the remarkable petrified forest with its age-old gigantic redwoods preserved in stone, is a pleasant day's jaunt for the automobile driver of the bay cities. Good roads going and coming, and hills from which the historic vista of the Valley of the Moon and the land of the geyser may be glimpsed, provided an Essex party with pleasure galore. The trip as mapped out by "The Examiner" "scout car" affords the motorist an opportunity to see one of the marvelous scenic districts of the State. Here are the "Monarch" and the "Queen of the Forest," two gigantic trees preserved in stone. The lower picture shows a spouting geyser in the outskirts of Calistoga.



Over hill,
Over dale,
Through brush,
Through briar—

LIKE the immortal Puck of Shakespeare is the motorist who essays the wooded hills of Napa and Sonoma counties, and like that immortal sprite he feels himself in a land "where the wild thyme blows, where oxslips and the nodding violet grows." There is a joy in visiting those enchanted hills that surround the far-famed Valley of the Moon and that joy is intensified a thousand fold when one is speeding with the wings of the wind over smooth mountain roads with the sweet scent of the wild foliage on the air.

The objective of "The Examiner" scout car, an Essex, was the Petrified Forest in the shadow of Mt. St. Helena, but the pleasure of the trip was not wholly included in the objective. There were the terraced vineyards with the vines bending under their load of black grapes, terraces that seemed as if a bit of the old world had been transplanted to bask in the California sun; there were slopes that pastured great flocks of sheep and other hillsides where cattle grazed.

Luther Burbank's wonder garden at Santa Rosa, the spouting geysers of Calistoga, the great redwoods, the madrones and the forests of manzanita, all these were included in the itinerary that in its entirety included less than two hundred miles, all within the half-day's run from San Francisco.

The Napa and Calistoga country has been called the "Champaign country" of the coast. One writer describes it thus:

"There is no part of California wherein so great a variety of crops is produced, chiefly without irrigation, as in the valleys and on the hillsides of this district, and which is called the 'Champaign Country' of the State. To those who know and admire the rolling hills of Central Maryland and Virginia—the region above the dead levels and below the mountain fastnesses—the term has especial fitness. Men love such a land; they knit their hearts fast to the soil; their pioneer farms become ancestral homesteads and sacred possessions never to pass into alien hands. Leave the great Connecticut Valley, and wander among the Farmington hills, and you shall see how beautiful the vales of the uplands can become."

The Petrified Forest in Sonoma County contains a stony record of the day when Mt. St. Helena, five miles away, poured out its volcanic fire and lava and embedded the great redwood trees in an ashy coffin, then transformed them from wood to stone, stone that runs from an opalescent pink to an ochre. Every thread of the bark has been preserved by this strange mummification of these forest giants that tell as marvelous a story as any of ancient legend—it seems as if a Perseus had passed that way bearing before him the horrid head of Medusa and a forest had been changed to stone.

The Grant, which is 25 acres in extent, was discovered in 1871 by Charles Evans. Since that time continued excavations have uncovered more and more of the buried monsters. The "Monarch" is 126 feet long, a perfect specimen of redwood—Sculptress Nature has done her work well. Another tree, the "Queen of the Forest," is 80 feet long and 12 feet in diameter. There is a pine tree, too, 100 feet in length, embedded in the volcanic ash, and great stumps that loom like ghosts in the midst of their living younger descendants.

Scientists who have visited the forest state that the petrified trees probably have been buried for more than 10,000 years. A thick layer of rhyolite was found in one of the "tombs."

On the homeward journey from the forest the Calistoga geysers were visited and then on through the vineyards of Napa County to the Rodeo ferry and home.

THE GEYSERS OF SONOMA COUNTY——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

One of the most curious of California's scenic wonders is to be found in Sonoma County. The geysers of Pluton Valley rival the conceptions of Dore in weird panorama. "The Examiner" scout car, a Nash, made the round trip in a day, taking the winding mountain grade through the Alexander Valley and around Geyser Peak. One of the most remarkable vistas to be found in the State is the view of the Russian River Valley from the summit.



Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

AN ideal setting for the witch scene from Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is found within a day's ride by automobile from San Francisco. But in this case there is little toil, even for the motor car, and no trouble at all unless the tires decide to pick up a nail or a similar enemy of rubber en route. The fires that burn are deep down in the mountain side and the cauldrons that bubble and spout are gigantic bits of the jagged cliff itself.

This strange bit of California lies in Sonoma County and goes under the name of "The Geysers." In that little canyon there are springs of every conceivable description, mineral springs of medicinal power, springs of epsom salts, of citrate of magnesia and sulphurous pits of forbidding mien. Nature has done old Doctor Dante one better and the sublime imaginings of Dore seem real when one gazes up Pluton Canyon and watches the steamy vapors pouring from a hundred fissures in the rock.

The approach to Pluton Valley may be made over a winding mountain road that swings off the State highway just before Geyserville is reached. One of the best mountain roads in California is this climb from Alexander Valley around Geyser Peak and a wonderful panorama of the valley of Calistoga is the reward of the motorist who essays this route. Another way in or out is by way of Sulphur River Canyon and Cloverdale.

The geysers are sixteen miles off the main coast highway. The "end of the trail" was the site of the old Geysers Hotel, a landmark of the early days, and a new and finer resort is now to be found nestled among the fir and pepper trees of the canyon.

Pluton Creek, that flows through the valley, abounds in trout and deer are plentiful throughout the surrounding hills. The hunting season opened August 1 and a number of parties of local sportsmen have found an abundance of game in that quarter. Quail make the canyon a rendezvous and the wooded slopes seem to almost be alive with the wild life that they conceal.

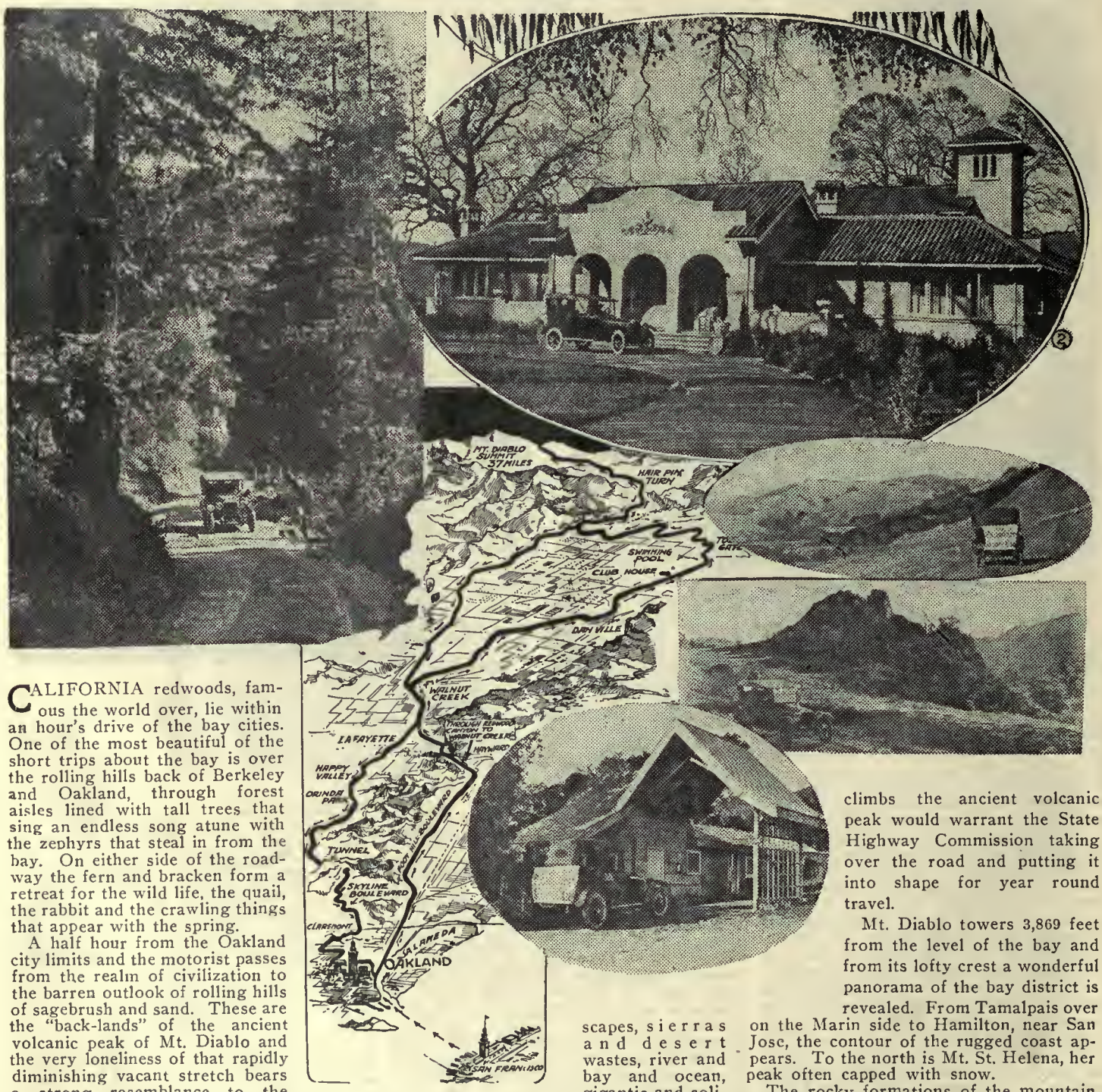
We left the Geysers in the Nash scout car as the sun was setting and reached the summit just as the roseate glow covered the western horizon. In the foreground the darkening hills stood out in the indistinct shadows. On one side the valley of the Russian River, with its cultivated fields standing out as checkerboards of yellow and brown and green. Almost as high as the mountains of the Coast Range it is a gorgeous panorama of color. That in itself was worth the excursion.

The round trip can easily be made in a day, but for a week-end jaunt it provides ample opportunity to sample the California Spa and enjoy the beauties of the remarkable Pluton Canyon.

As a healthy atmosphere includes an opportunity of recreation for mind and body as well as a chance for medicinal treatment of the required variety, it would seem that this little Plutonian vale would answer all the requirements for the seeker after a vacation trip that would result in a renewal of health. The hills afford a wonderful field for the hiker and there's plenty of room even for a golf enthusiast.

REDWOOD CANYON AND MT. DIABLO——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

"The Examiner" scout car, an Oakland, made the journey through Redwood Canyon and over the Mt. Diablo highway. The Redwood Canyon road is in excellent shape. The scene (1) at the left was taken in Redwood Canyon and is typical of the scenery in that delightful retreat. At the right (2) is one of the magnificent homes that lie at the base of the mountain. Below are the scenes on the Mt. Diablo mountain climb: (3) The barren side of the mountain, (4) Turtleback Rock, (5) the toll gate. Map by "The Examiner" staff artist.



CALIFORNIA redwoods, famous the world over, lie within an hour's drive of the bay cities. One of the most beautiful of the short trips about the bay is over the rolling hills back of Berkeley and Oakland, through forest aisles lined with tall trees that sing an endless song atune with the zephyrs that steal in from the bay. On either side of the roadway the fern and bracken form a retreat for the wild life, the quail, the rabbit and the crawling things that appear with the spring.

A half hour from the Oakland city limits and the motorist passes from the realm of civilization to the barren outlook of rolling hills of sagebrush and sand. These are the "back-lands" of the ancient volcanic peak of Mt. Diablo and the very loneliness of that rapidly diminishing vacant stretch bears a strong resemblance to the southern California desert lands where the "lion and lizard" are at home.

Picnickers may find here a thousand scenic retreats to their liking. It is as if a giant hand had lifted a bit of the wild Mendocino country from its native soil and joined it with a handful of Death Valley waste, then placed it at the very gates of a great city. Indeed, that is one of the joys of California, so many varied landscapes, sierras and desert wastes, river and bay and ocean, gigantic and solitary peaks guarded by the rolling foothills, orchard and farm and vineyard alternating with forest and sagebrush and sand.

"The Examiner" scout car, a new Oakland, drove to Mount Diablo, at the foot of which are the Mt. Diablo Golf and Country Club and a hundred beautiful homes that reflect the Spanish influence in the architectural monuments of California.

The scenery from the winding path that climbs the ancient volcanic peak would warrant the State Highway Commission taking over the road and putting it into shape for year round travel.

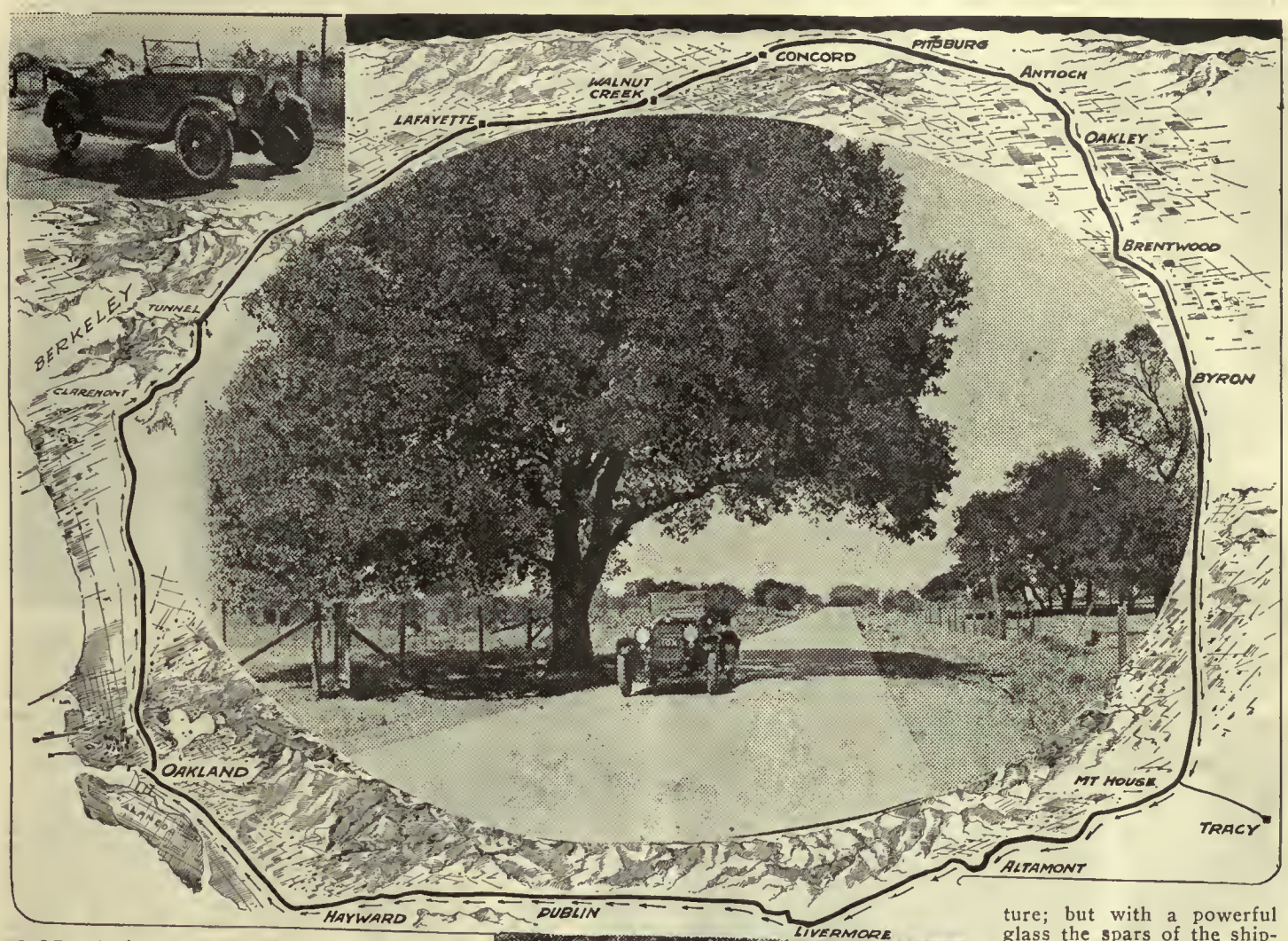
Mt. Diablo towers 3,869 feet from the level of the bay and from its lofty crest a wonderful panorama of the bay district is revealed. From Tamalpais over on the Marin side to Hamilton, near San Jose, the contour of the rugged coast appears. To the north is Mt. St. Helena, her peak often capped with snow.

The rocky formations of the mountain take on peculiar shapes. The turtleback rock is one of the sights and landmarks of the trail, while farther on there is the camel rock, a strange, ghostly figure that startles the vision as it looms around the turn of the hill. These are the "pyramids" and "sphinxes" of that curious old mountain.

Wild flowers are found through the entire journey.

THE CIRCLE OF MT. DIABLO—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Over broad, paved highways of concrete, through the Berkeley Hills, along the shore of Suisun Bay, where the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers meet in their race to the sea, through the factory towns of Pittsburg and Antioch and the famous Altamont Pass, once a bandit haunt, circling the sentinel of the East Bay region, bleak Mt. Diablo, "The Examiner" scout car, a Davis Six, sped. It is a pleasant day's journey, varied in scenery and easy on car and passenger.



FOR a day's motor excursion over paved highways, with a variety of scenery and an introduction to one of the most rapidly growing sections in the State, the circle of Mt. Diablo is an excellent choice. The outstanding natural feature of the east bay district is that sentinel peak of the rugged hills that slope to the bay. Overlooking the fruitful valleys that border the San Joaquin as well as the more distant borderlands of the Sacramento, it offers a view at once diversified and picturesque.

Its name, derived from the rocky, barren appearance of its higher slopes, fails to convey any terrors into the regions that lie about its base, as on every side there are orchards and farms and wide awake villages that are growing only as California villages can grow. Thirty miles away, across the bay, is Mt. Tamalpais. Sixty miles to the north, at the head of the Napa valley, is Mt. St. Helena and far to the south is Mt. Hamilton, the lair of the star gazers.

The circuit of this unique monument of nature leads the tourist from Oakland into the college town of Berkeley, along the winding slopes of the Berkeley hills, over the tunnel road to Lafayette and Walnut Creek and then over the newly paved highway which Contra Costa County has opened to the manufacturing towns of Antioch and Pittsburg. A pleasant luncheon at Brentwood's new hotel and then on through Byron Hot Springs to the Lincoln highway, through the Altamont pass, where there is still a stretch or two of pavement to be built. The entire trip has little dirt road and the unpaved stretches are in good shape for travel.



Here is the way a writer described the vista from Diablo in the early nineties:

The wheat fields seem to be contracted to small squares, the orchards into still smaller ones; the nearest farm houses appear hardly larger than bird cages, and San Francisco is reduced to a picture; but with a powerful glass the spars of the shipping that lines the water front look like a forest of dead trees where a fire has lapped up every green thing. By way of relief some ships, like toys, are seen coming in or going out with white specks of canvas which seem to kiss the water. But the view which is printed as it were on the very soul is that beheld in looking across the great San Joaquin Valley, beyond all the towns and villages that dot the plain, interblending with tilth of fields and emerald squares of vineyard to the western slope of the Sierra, and beyond to the great domes and peaks lifted up from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet above the sea, clad in eternal white, watching in serene majesty over all the peaceful and fruitful valleys.

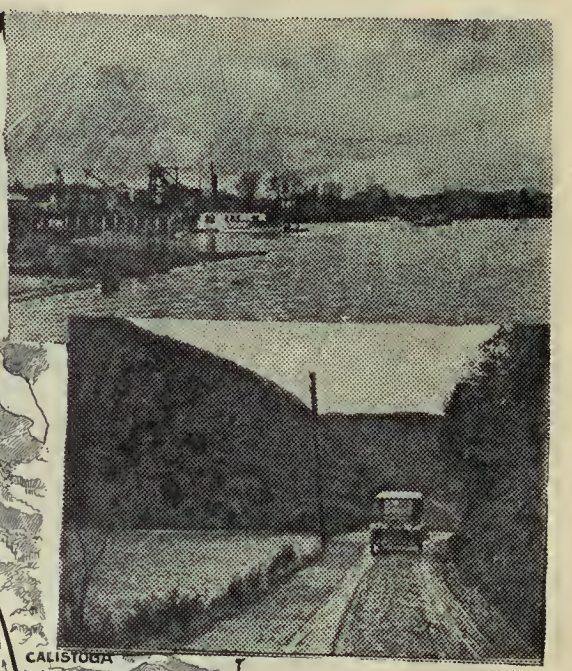
No artist can paint the landscape which the eye takes in. Its majesty and glory and sweet peace are reserved for those who ascend Mount Diablo, camping on the flank over night and watching for the dawn on the top, when the sun gilds these white crests and floods all the valleys with light.

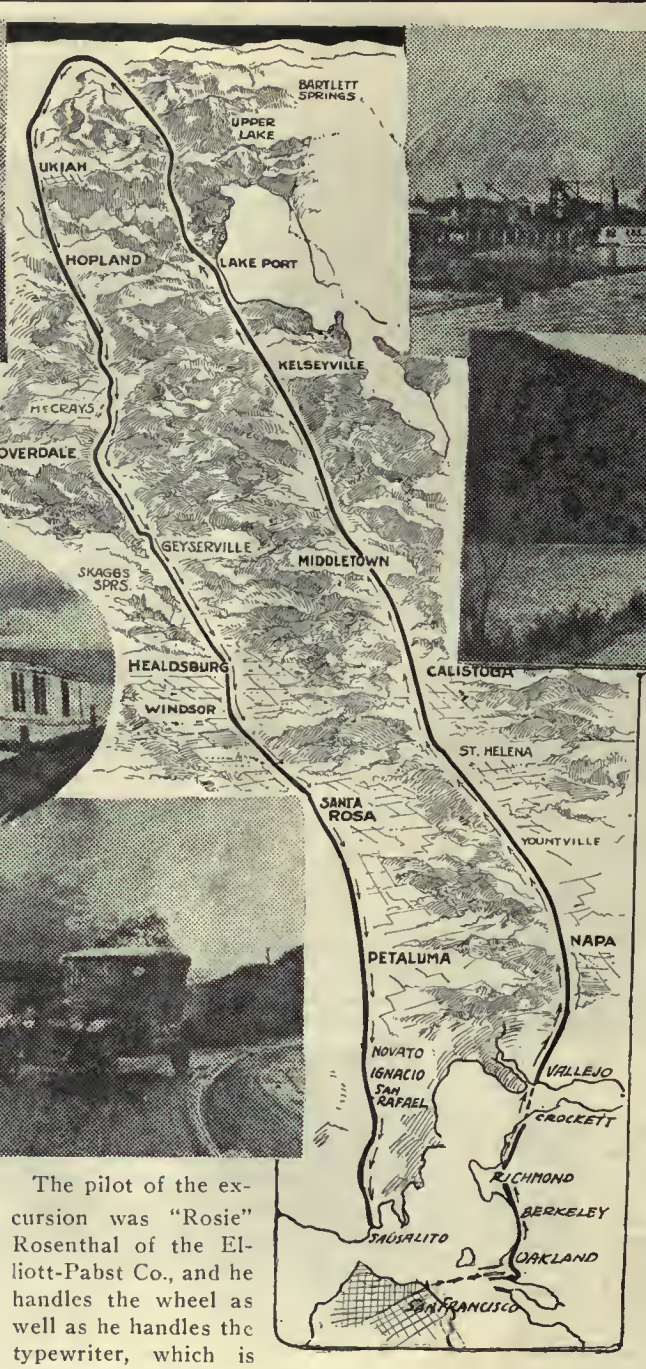
UP HILL AND DOWN DALE IN LAKE COUNTY——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Up the State Highway to Ukiah, then over the hills to Blue Lakes and Lakeport, to the shore of the picturesque Clear Lake, was the route followed by "The Examiner" scout car, a Maxwell, the other day. Forest and meadow, sharp ascents and deep valleys, make the trip one replete with thrills as well as full of pleasure in the wild work of Nature that distinguishes that remarkable portion of California. The map, drawn by "The Examiner" staff artist, shows the best route for the round trip. It is an easy two-day excursion.









LAKE COUNTY is well named. At least we thought so the other day. The "we" in this case included the travelers in "The Examiner" scout car, a Maxwell, who journeyed northward in quest of a new delectable dish to appease the appetite of Monsieur the Bay City Motorist.

Lake County did itself proud. Its lakes were at their best with the addition of an occasional cataract that precipitated itself over the road with a roar that would do a midsummer Yosemite waterfall proud. And "the rain it raineth every day" and every night, too.

But withal the rain, and the mud, and the hail, and the snow, for we had an introduction to each individually and collectively, it was a trip well worth while. The scenery was there in all its Sunday-go-to-meeting, its "shining morning face" well washed and scrubbed, and it was scenery that made every one in the party make a resolution to go again, just as soon as wash day was over.

The pilot of the excursion was "Rosie" Rosenthal of the Elliott-Pabst Co., and he handles the wheel as well as he handles the typewriter, which is saying a great deal. There were six passengers in that little car, but the car didn't seem to mind, and as the passengers didn't everybody was happy.

Have you ever been out in a real wet rain in your motor car? If not, you are in for a treat. When the next showery day comes around put up the side curtains, pack in the family, put on a pair of chains and set out. It's about as near the good old sleigh ride parties as you can get in California. The jingling of the chains takes the place of the bells; the warmth of the motor is as good as a steam heated apartment; and I never found any one yet who didn't enjoy the rat-a-tat-tat of the rain on the roof. A plug of tobacco rubbed on the windshield gives the driver a clear view ahead and that's all that's necessary to make the tout ensemble a comfortable affair.

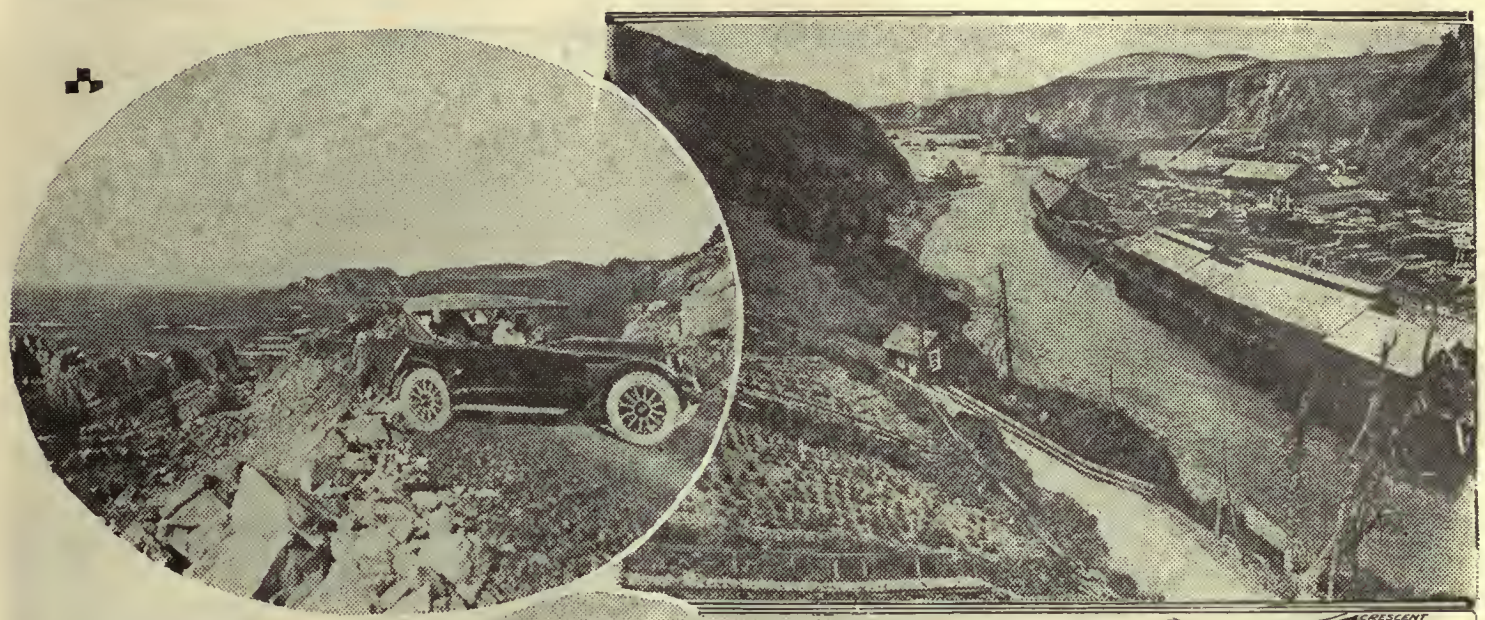
But it wasn't all rain at that. When we arrived at a spot that looked good to the photographer, we displayed our press badge and the sun obediently trotted out from behind the clouds to grace the occasion. Said sun kept bobbing back and forth in spite of the fact that His Pluvian Majesty, that old enemy of ball games and vacationists, kept right on the job with the dipper. The pilot negotiated everything from mountain sides that didn't appear extraordinarily stable to hurdling fences and other obstacles that happened to float onto the road.

All was balmy and bright around the bay when we left on a Saturday morn. The clouds developed their lugubrious quality by evening at Cloverdale, where we spent the night, and in the dull gray dawn, which by the way had a strong resemblance to the middle of the night for a newspaper man, it was damp, very damp outside, without your goloshes and an umbrella.

Paved highway to Healdsburg, then good dirt road almost to Ukiah, then pavement again, then swinging back down the route to Lakeport the way is narrow, up hill and down dale, but with an occasional vista that's worth the trip in itself.

OVER THE SCENIC COAST ROUTE NORTH——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

There's no more enjoyable trip in the log of the motorist than that which follows the Coast highway to Eureka, through the forests of Mendocino and the little known wonderlands of Humboldt. "The Examiner" scout car, a Cadillac, followed the Coast route and brought back some photographic souvenirs of the northern country. The map, drawn by "The Examiner" staff artist, shows the main Coast highway to Crescent City.



DO you enjoy a panorama of rugged coast line, a night's stop at a lonely yet comfortable hotel that looks out on "the multitudinous seas," an early morning swing through the cool redwood aisles and a stirring afternoon's entertainment watching the lumber mills preparing for the winter? Then take the coast route for Mendocino and Humboldt. Don't forget if it's winter-time to carry along your chains, or your curtains if you drive an open car, and a few extra wraps to keep out the "rain that raineth every day" and the winds that "blow their wintry blasts" athwart the rock-bound coast.

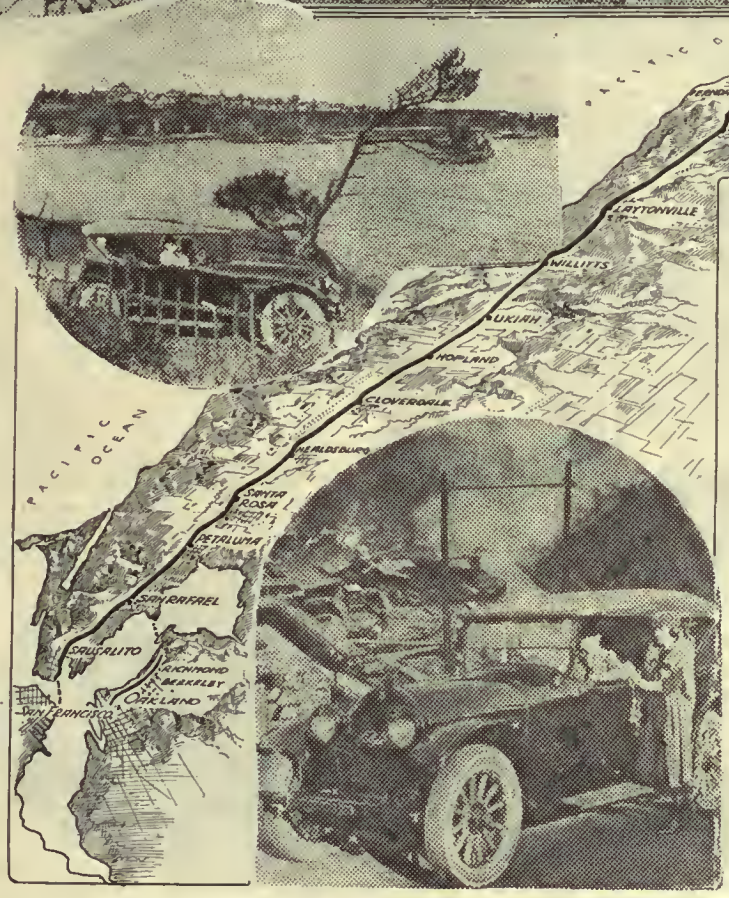
The real motor car fan gets more enjoyment out of an excursion of this kind than a simple little jaunt on the paved highways within a radius of fifty miles from the city. It may rain, but the modern motor car doesn't mind a little water now and then; it may be cold, but the brisk atmosphere fills one with the joy of living and is a great antitoxin for all the worries of life. Try it and see!

As Lillian Shuey has sung of the Mendocino country—

The breath of the sea and the cypress,
A misty and pungent air—
Shadows of tall trees bending
Into the bright sea glare.

The white spray washing the headlands,
The white gulls wheeling home,
Dipping their wings in the breakers,
And treading the swift sea foam.

High cliffs on the edge of the forests,
Rugged and bare and steep,
Whence the hunted deer, despairing,
Leaps to the roaring deep.



On the edge of the cliffs the forests,
Up, up, to the mountains high!
Down in the valleys descending,
And rising again to the sky.

Solitudes—lost to the woodman,
Far on the summits bright,
Or down the trackless canyons,
Dim in the noonday light.

Dim in the noonday fullness,
Dark in the day's sweet morn,
So sacred and deep are the canyons,
Where the beautiful rivers are born.

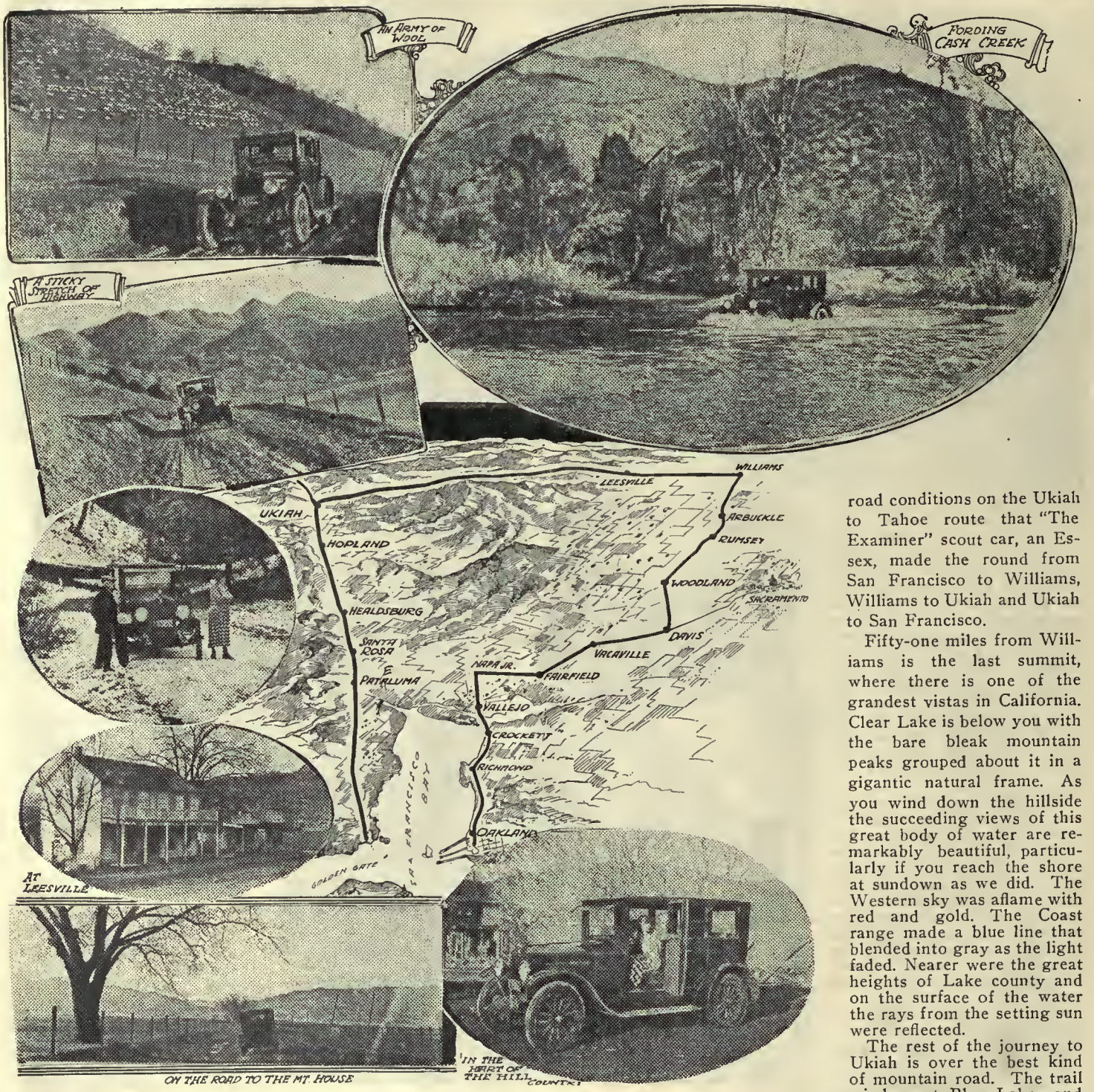
Shadowy roads winding upward,
Through the silences solemnly sweet;
So tenderly thrilled when the warbler
Sings in his sure retreat.

Breath of the sea and the cypress
A misty and pungent air;
Sea voices that seek the forests
To hush into silent prayer.

Above Point Reyes, in the shadows of which Admiral Drake anchored, are the rocky reefs on which many an ill-fated ship has found its last resting place. But for the motorist traveling on the highway that skirts the coast its rocky stretches and thundering surf are only additional chords in the divine harmony of nature, the vibrant bass of that mighty element, the sea. Swing in on any of the score of highways that cross from the inland route to the coast and you have transported yourself into a land of silence. For there is no place where silence seems more profound than in among the trees, where the slightest rustle of a twig makes the interloper into the solitude start.

THE UKIAH TO TAHOE HIGHWAY——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

The Ukiah to Tahoe highway traverses some of the most scenic country in the State. "The Examiner" scout car, an Essex Sedan, made the trip, conquering muddy and slippery mountain roads and fording many turbulent mountain streams. Some of the scenes snapped en route and a map of the tour are shown below.



UKIAH TO TAHOE! That has been the slogan of the good roads boosters of Mendocino, Lake and Colusa counties. A paved highway from the Mendocino capital to Williams would open for year-round traffic one of the most scenic automobile routes on the coast. On the sixty miles of mountain road there is a varied panorama that includes volcanic buttes, rolling hill country, precipitous canyons, beautiful streams, snow covered slopes and, as the trail mounts over the last range on the way to Ukiah, a view of Clear Lake that rivals Tahoe, "Lake of the Sky" itself.

In the summer time, when the mountain trails are in their best shape, it is, without paved highway, not the easiest route on the map, but in the winter it is registered as "impassable."

It was with the idea of investigating road conditions on the Ukiah to Tahoe route that "The Examiner" scout car, an Essex, made the round from San Francisco to Williams, Williams to Ukiah and Ukiah to San Francisco.

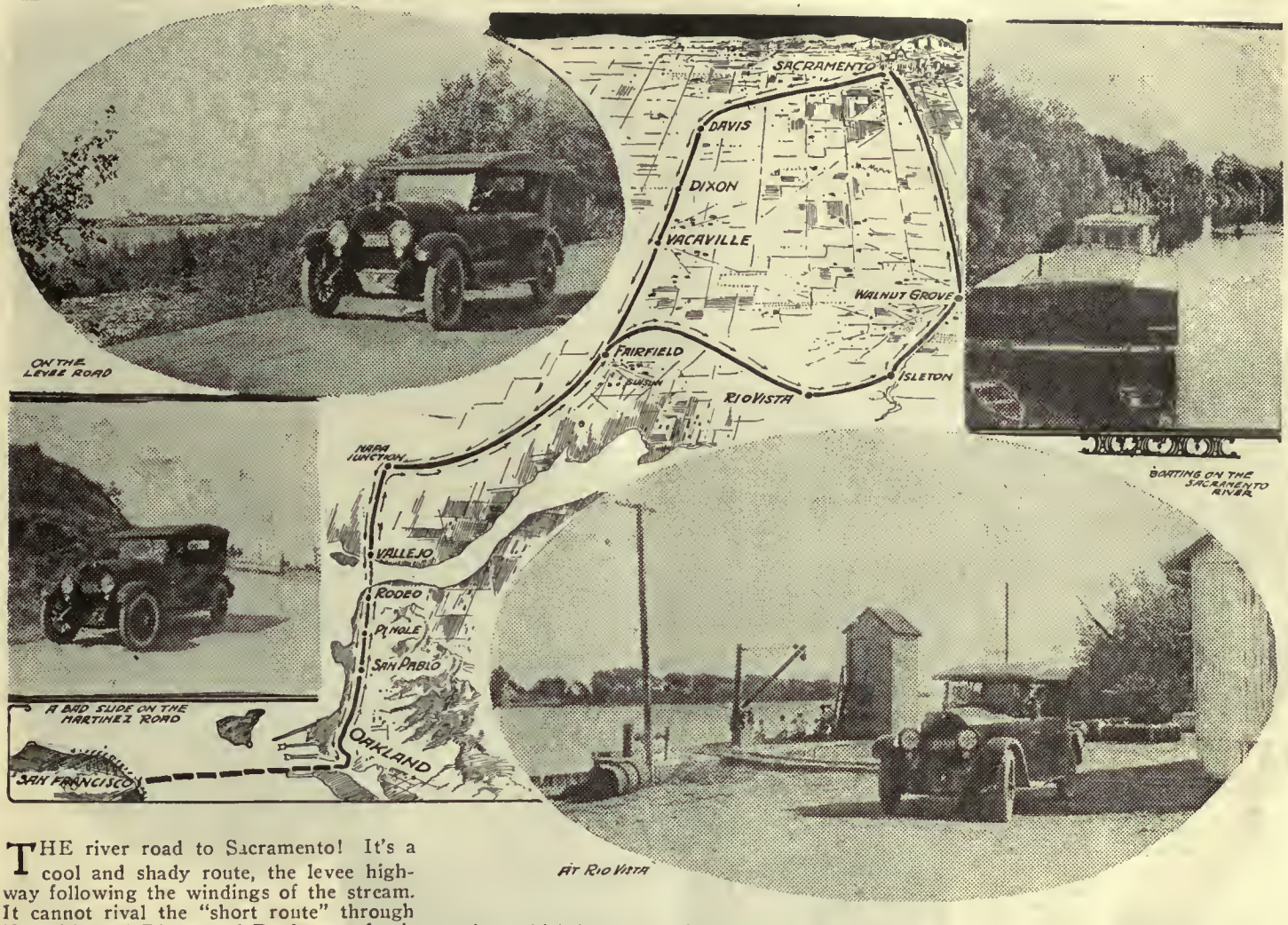
Fifty-one miles from Williams is the last summit, where there is one of the grandest vistas in California. Clear Lake is below you with the bare bleak mountain peaks grouped about it in a gigantic natural frame. As you wind down the hillside the succeeding views of this great body of water are remarkably beautiful, particularly if you reach the shore at sundown as we did. The Western sky was aflame with red and gold. The Coast range made a blue line that blended into gray as the light faded. Nearer were the great heights of Lake county and on the surface of the water the rays from the setting sun were reflected.

The rest of the journey to Ukiah is over the best kind of mountain road. The trail winds past Blue Lakes and over hill and dale until Ukiah itself is reached. To the north is Snow mountain, while here and there against the sky its brother peaks shove their mottled heads over the range of the nearer hills.

There is paved highway again at Ukiah, but it does not reach to Hopland and there are many stretches of rough going on the unpaved ways. The paved highway is again taken up at Healdsburg and from there on it is easy going winter or summer.

THE RIVER ROAD TO SACRAMENTO——————·—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

One of the most picturesque of California's motor drives is the river route to Sacramento. Much of the highway on the levee overlooking the State's Netherlands country is paved and many of the concrete strips have only been opened for a short time. There are a few detours over bad roads, but they are rapidly being taken care of and when completed this will be one of the choicest scenic routes in the State. A Cole Aero Eight, "The Examiner" scout car, went over the river highway and many delightful vistas were encountered on the trip.



THE river road to Sacramento! It's a cool and shady route, the levee highway following the windings of the stream. It cannot rival the "short route" through Vacaville and Dixon and Davis, yet, for it is still under the curse of many a detour. The odometer registers around 130 miles from San Francisco to the capital via Rio Vista and Isleton. But in scenery it will rival any road of the same length in California.

The river provides an endless variety of vistas such as one might duplicate only in Belgium or the Netherlands. The banks of the stream are lined with poplars and at times the smooth, slow-flowing surface delights the eye with its reflection of boat and tree. Orchard and farm, green of alfalfa fields, pear and peach and cherry and plum, and mansions old and new of magnificent proportions and delightful in architectural regard. Here old Mother Nature is the landscape gardener. Lawns seem to stay green without a world of care and hollyhock and columbine, aster and dahlia, growing in profusion, add their riot of hues to weave a colorful vista of delight.

The route taken by the Cole scout car covered roads of every condition. From Oakland to Fairfield-Suisun there is an uninterrupted stretch of paved highway. Then a very fair piece of dirt road to Rio Vista. One of the peculiar things about this 20-mile stretch is that the center oiled section, which has passed into the rut stage of development, is now avoided by passing vehicles and two "ditch" roads, manufactured solely by the traffic of wagons and automobiles, are the roads in use. The greatest argument against the oiled road is to travel over it after it has passed into the discard.

At Rio Vista the Sacramento River is reached and the temperature drops accordingly. The road leads across a great bascule bridge which has lately been completed and then over one of the detours that God forgot. About five miles or so of this at from five to ten miles an hour and then a better road hove in sight. The natives of Rio Vista said that in about six weeks the detour will be a thing of the past and the highway will be completed, barring complications.

The town of Isleton brings us into the land of paved highway again and if you are wise you will turn across the river at this point and enjoy a somewhat longer stretch of pavement. As it was, the scout car turned to the right and found itself on oiled road of the bumpy variety, while across the stream the machines were sailing along on the concrete. There's a ferry about every mile or so along the stream, free ferries operated by the county, and many beautiful homes are passed on either side of the river.

The Cole car was well equipped with springs, so the bumps on the bumpy stretches were not as strenuous in their effect as they might have been, but it is not hard to forget the rough stretches in contemplating the beautiful areas through which the scout car passed. When completed this levee road will be the ideal route to Sacramento for those who enjoy a continuous river vista of delight.

The river road, the river road, the levee road for me,
Along the poplar aisles we ride in pleasant company.

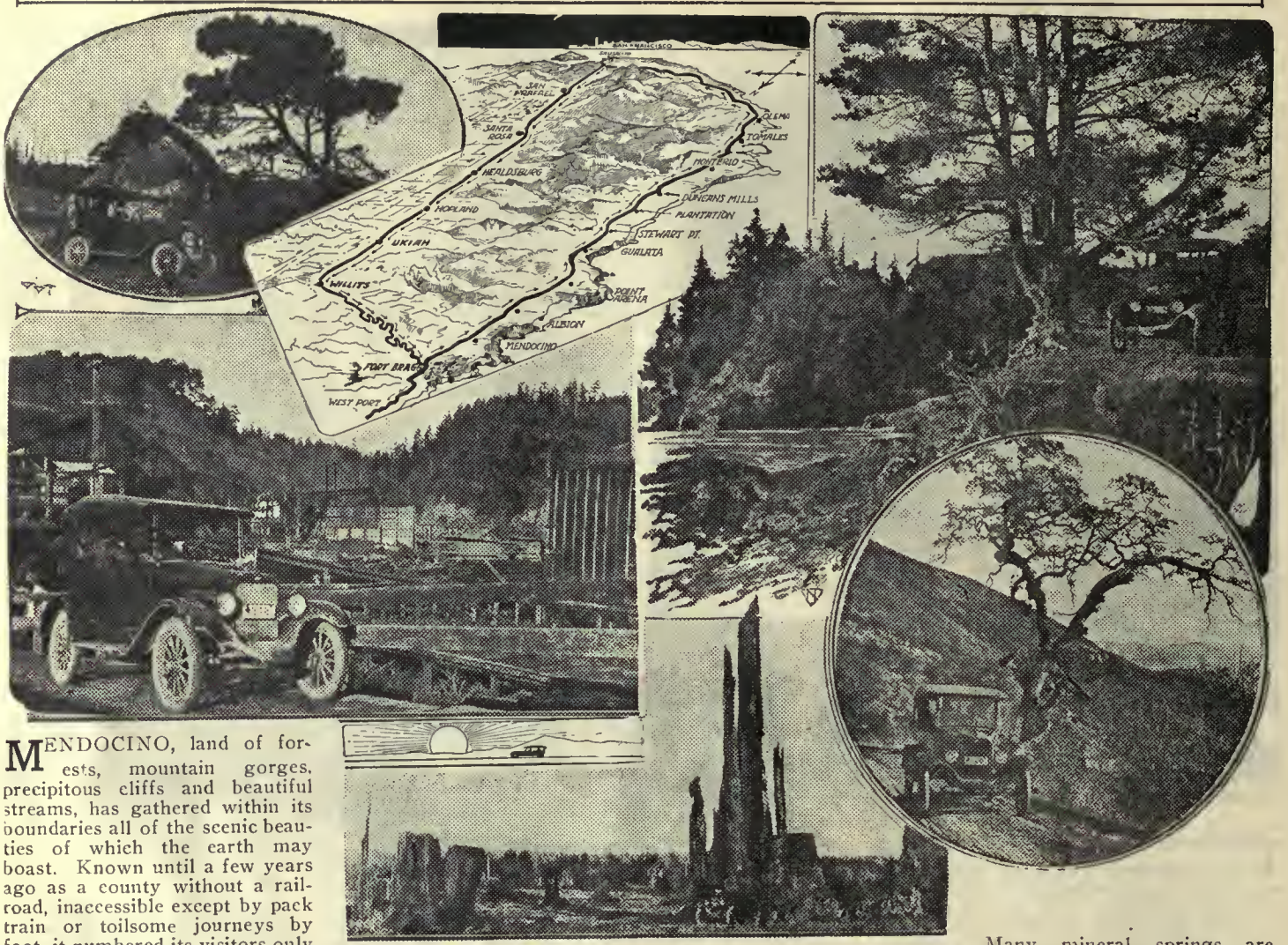
Through orchards rare of peach and plum,
In hues of gold and wine,
Where thousands made their weary way
In days of Forty-nine.

By islands rich in Nature's store,
We cross the river's span,
Where anglers in their patient quest
The lapping waters scan.

The river road, the river road,
The levee road for me,
Along the poplar aisles we ride
In pleasant company.

THROUGH THE FORESTS OF MENDOCINO———AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

"The Examiner" scout car, an Overland "Mystery" Four, went out on a pathfinding expedition through the wild timberland of the north coast and brought back these scenic memories of the journey. At the right is a scene just below Mendocino City, where the forests are bathed in the ocean spray. The lumber scene was photographed at Albion. The lower photograph is a common sight on the way south, where forest fires have wiped out the gigantic trees and left the charred stumps, many of which have been hauled away.



MENDOCINO, land of forests, mountain gorges, precipitous cliffs and beautiful streams, has gathered within its boundaries all of the scenic beauties of which the earth may boast. Known until a few years ago as a county without a railroad, inaccessible except by pack train or toilsome journeys by foot, it numbered its visitors only a few stray hunters and the lumbermen who were forced to make the trip for business purposes.

Then came the railroad and the motor car and now this scenic wonderland is within an easy day's ride of the bay cities. "The Examiner" scout car, a new Overland Mystery Four, mapped out the trip, found the roads, even through the tortuous canyons of the Mendocino hills, easy to conquer, and all the bumps that were met with—and there were several—were absorbed in the new spring suspension with which the new Overland "Little Four" is equipped.

The trip from the Marin side of the bay to Willits was almost all highway and it is not until you leave that much-traveled road and start for the coast that the real panorama of scenery begins. Then within a few short miles you are translated from the noise of civilization to the shaded aisles of a mighty forest. Age-old oaks line the narrow mountain roads. The great tall redwoods like colonnades in a vast cathedral seem to pierce the very sky; and, winding through these strangely silent canyons in the dusk of the evening the network of foilage above weaves a wondrous arabesque against the black vault of the heavens sown with stars.

Hazel bushes brush the car on either side and the tall bracken towers over its more delicate kindred fern at the base of the giant trees. Every leaf gleams with dew and the autumn shades of red and brown make the wild growth seem more like a painting than a natural vista.

On the floor of these great chasms that divide the central portion of the county from the coast are beautiful streams that tumble over great boulders as they babble on toward the sea. Here is a paradise for the angler. Here is the undisturbed haunt of the trout, the steelhead and the black salmon. Here are turtles and crawfish, too, and there are "limits" enough in those scores of brooks to supply the State.

The sound of the automobile stirs up the natives of this wilderness. Now and then a rabbit scurries on ahead of the machine. Quail there are in abundance and the approach of the automobile disturbs them but little. We passed a score of deer in the fifty odd miles from Willits and there are many trappers in that district who make a livelihood in bagging bigger game.

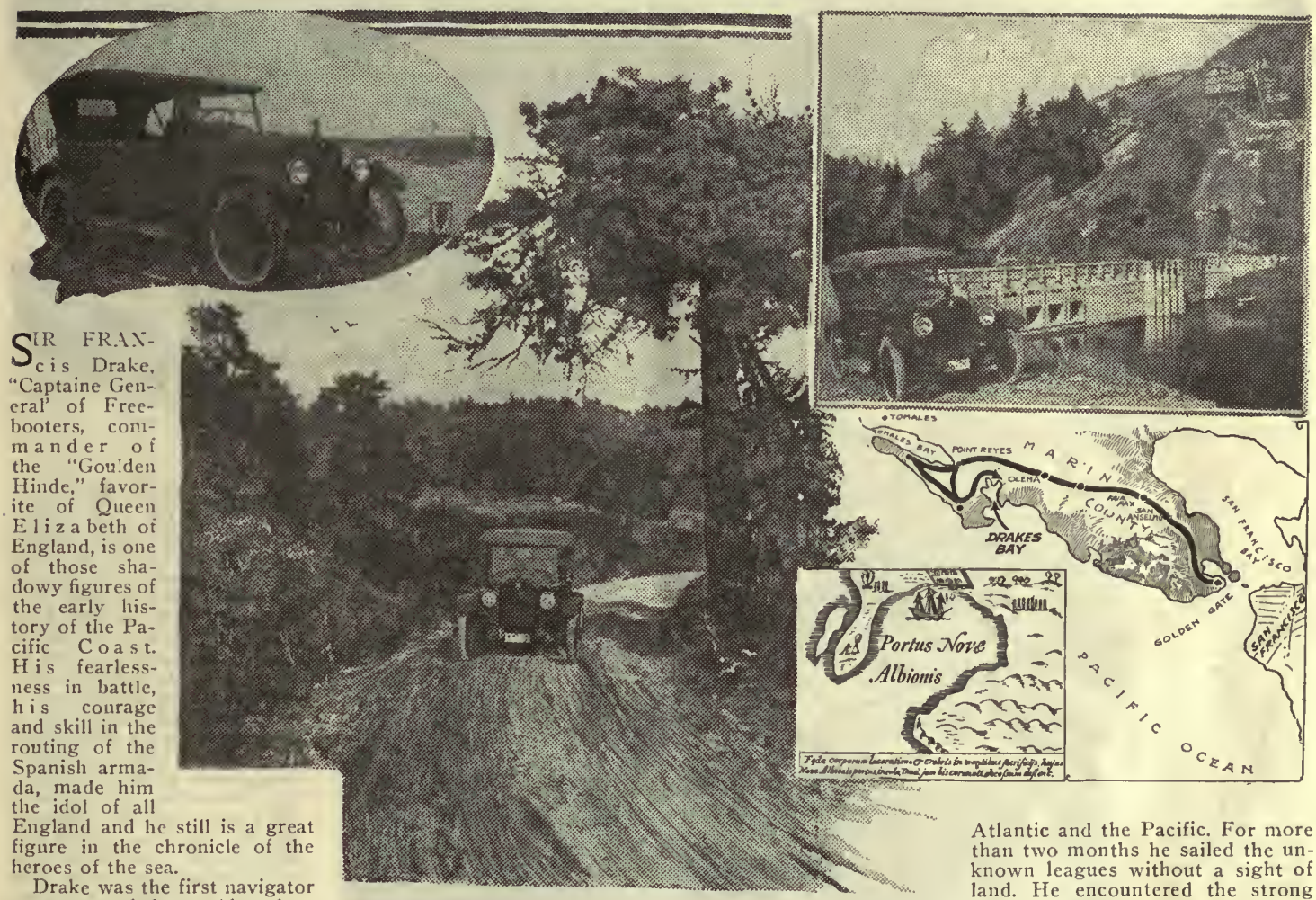
Many mineral springs are passed on the trail and these used to be most enjoyable picnic spots when the trip to the coast by stage involved a two-day journey. So sharp are many of the turns that in the old stage days they were given the name of "Jackrabbit Turns," and the name still clings. All kinds of wild berries are found in the canyons. There are huckleberries, thimbleberries, raspberries, salmon berries and blackberries, and many visit this region during the berry season to provide themselves with jellies and jams for the year.

Here, indeed, is "the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss and in garments green." Lone cabins, Indian trails, deer paths and many fish-laden streams are there.

The rugged coast line gives a continuous panorama of beauty. The beating surf off Point Arena has hollowed out some gigantic cliffs and formed mighty caverns in which to play. Arched rocks stand bleak and bare just off the jutting headland. The forests in many places continue to the very strand and the trees assume grotesque shapes with the buffeting they have received from the stiff breezes off the sea.

WHERE SIR FRANCIS DRAKE ANCHORED———AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Within a few hours of San Francisco lies one of the most remarkable harbors in the world, the chalk cliff-bound inlet known as "Drake's Bay." This was the objective of "The Examiner" scout car, a Columbia Six. Here landed the English admiral more than three hundred years ago and assumed possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth. The photograph at the upper left shows the scout car on the wharf in Drake's Bay, a fishing boat at anchor on the glassy surface of the harbor. At the right is the great dam that supplies water to Marin County. This structure, one of the great engineering feats of the State, is one of the sights on the road to the bay. The center picture showns one of the typical road scenes of that beautiful country. The ancient map, drawn from Drake's report of his discoveries, is shown, as well as one more modern. The inscription on the map reads "By bodily tortures and mutilations of their limbs the inhabitants of the country of New Albion showed their sorrow at the departure of Drake."



SIR FRANcis Drake, "Captaine General' of Freebooters, commander of the "Goulden Hinde," favorite of Queen Elizabeth of England, is one of those shadowy figures of the early history of the Pacific Coast. His fearlessness in battle, his courage and skill in the routing of the Spanish armada, made him the idol of all England and he still is a great figure in the chronicle of the heroes of the sea.

Drake was the first navigator to go around the world, and on that famous voyage he stepped into the history of the Pacific Coast when he skirted the coast of Oregon and anchored on its shores and later took possession of California in the name of England, naming it New Albion after the mother country.

For a long time it was thought that San Francisco Bay was the anchorage of the "Golden Hinde" when, attempting to avoid the stormy northern coast, Drake found a harbor refuge. Historians, however, by piecing together the meager evidence at hand, have discovered that the anchorage was inside the arm of Point Reyes, in a remarkable cliff-guarded inlet that now bears the name of "Drake's Bay."

It was to this historic spot that "The Examiner" scout car, a Columbia Six, journeyed for a Sunday's jaunt the other day, and mapped out the trip for the bay city motorists who enjoy a short trip that includes not only scenery that is unsurpassed, but which includes one of those places where world history has been made.

The record of the remarkable voyage of Sir Francis Drake, published in 1628, is a document of extraordinary interest with its quaint spelling and odd grammatical turns. The expedition was made up so says the record, "of gentlemen and saylars" drawn together by the love of adventure and plunder; "a sort of cogginge and lyinge knaves," "a companye of desperate banckwrouptes that could not lyve in theyr countrye without the spoyle of that as others had gotten by the swete of theyre browes."

The "hard crowd" needed a firm hand to direct them and they found it in Drake, one who warned them "take hede for yf I fynd them in my way I will surely synke them." "This tyranous and cruell tirant thought it not good to returne by the streights of Magellan least the Spaniards should there waite, and attend for them in great numbers and strength, whose hands, he being left but one ship (the remainder being wrecked off the Farallones) could not possibly escape.

Drake thereupon decided he must reach England by some unknown route and thought on the north Pacific Coast he might discover the mythical straight of Arrian that were supposed to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific. For more than two months he sailed the unknown leagues without a sight of land. He encountered the strong northwest wind of the North Pacific and the impenetrable "most vile, thicke, and stinking fogges" with the result that he was forced to seek for safe anchorage.

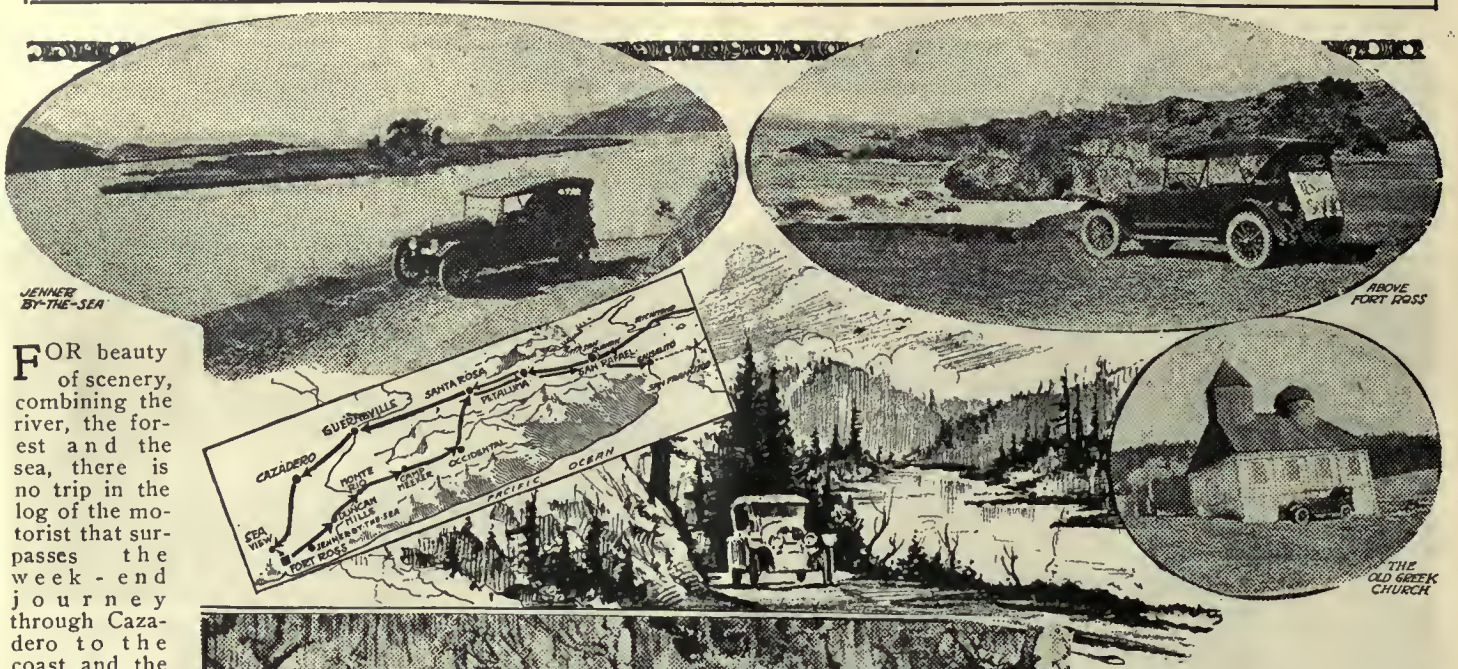
Finally he fell in with a 'convenient and fit harborough, and came to anchor therein." This was what is now known as "Drake's Bay."

It is no wonder that Drake, after rounding the dangerous Point Reyes, gave thanks when he came to safe anchorage in the harbor. When we visited the place there was one lonely old fisherman on the wharf that now serves as a landing for fishing boats. Around at Point Reyes there was a spanking forty mile breeze blowing. In Drake's Bay there was not a breath of wind and the waters of the bay were as smooth as a mill pond. The bay does not seem a part of the ocean; it bears far more resemblance to a lake, so calm is it. The cliffs that shut off the northern blasts form a perfect semicircle of towering white, falling sheer from the bluff to the beach.

It is only a two-mile jaunt out to the lighthouse at Point Reyes where the contrast of wind and surf can be noticed.

FORT ROSS AND THE RUSSIAN RIVER——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

One of the most delightful week-end tripe for the bay city motorist is pictured below. It winds through the beautiful wooded slopes of the Russian River country. The trail was "blazed" by "The Examiner" scout car, a Standard Eight. One of the landmarks of the Russian settlement in California, old Fort Ross, was made the objective of the trip.




ON THE ROAD TO FORT ROSS

FOR beauty of scenery, combining the river, the forest and the sea, there is no trip in the log of the motorist that surpasses the week-end journey through Cazadero to the coast and the return by way of Jenner by the Sea and Monte Rio. It is a trip that might easily be made in a single day, but for the motorist who enjoys the scenery and wishes to take in a little more of the glories that Nature has prepared for him, it makes an ideal two-day week end excursion.

"The Examiner" scout car, a Standard Eight, found the roads in excellent condition, with mile after mile of good country road where the motor may sing a merry song of speed.

Fort Ross is a quaint old place. With its Greek chapel which is now about a century old and the ancient barracks where the Russian soldiers were quartered, it has about it many features that allure those who are interested in the history of California and the romantic days of her early settlement.

It was in 1812 that the first expedition of Russians settled in the eastern portion of Sonoma county and established a trading post and fort on the coast. For thirty years they maintained their hold on the wooded lands that border the river, employing Indians to handle their farms and peacefully carry on their business of handling the supplies for their Alaskan lands.

Fear of a Russian occupation caused the followers of Junipero Serra no little uneasiness and the missions of San Rafael and Sonoma were founded to act as a "buffer district" against the inroads of the Russians. In 1842 the Russian occupation of California's coast ended and they went as peacefully as they came. Only the barracks and the old church are left to tell the story of "the city that was."

One of the most beautiful vacation sites in all California is at Jenner by the Sea, where the Russian river empties into the Pacific. The river here has thrown up a great bar of sand that makes the mouth into a wonderful lake in the center of which is an island that is now under cultivation.

Then the route winds in from the coast over a road of a thousand turns where brakes are a most useful accessory and a tuneful horn is a necessary added equipment. The road is narrow, but with careful driving there is no danger.

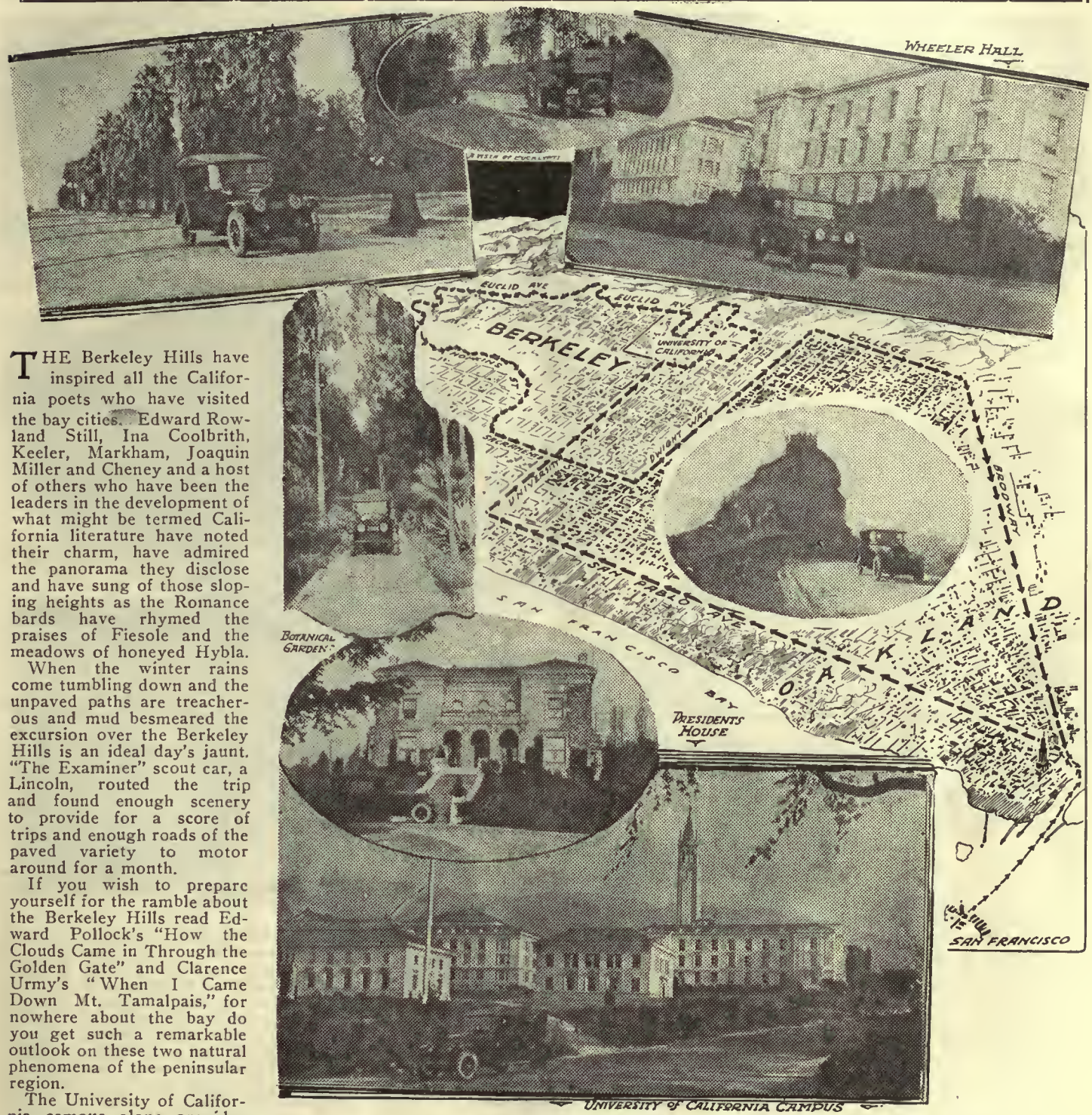
Here is what a historian of the early days says of the aims of the Russians in their settlement of California:

"Russia's first intention was to obtain from California the cereals necessary for her people further north, and incidentally to still further prosecute the fur trade; but on account of complaints from the Commandante of San Francisco the attempt at agriculture was abandoned. On the mountain side, however, back of Fort Ross, an orchard of 400 trees and a vineyard of 700 stocks were successfully planted. Officially, the Spaniards were always jealous of the Russians, and between 1816 and 1818 the expulsion of the latter was much discussed; but as the trade with the Russians increased yearly and benefited the country, opposition took no active form, and the Muscovites sheltered ships of the Russian-American Company every winter. Better customers than the Russians the Pacific Coast never had. They paid promptly for all purchases made, and gave to the Spanish Government one-half of the skins taken in hunting. Often as many as 80,000 seal skins were collected at the Farallones in a single season.

"When hunting and trade ceased to be profitable Russia had no further use for her California colony, and on July 27, 1841, Kostromitinoff sat in the house of General Vallejo at Sonoma endeavoring to negotiate terms of evacuation. The Spanish took too high ground for the Russian. Vallejo insisted that inasmuch as the houses at Ross had been built of Mexican timber and stood on Mexican soil, they therefore rightly belonged to Mexico. The Russian refused to entertain such a romantic idea and straightway sold the entire property to Capt. John A. Sutter for $31,000. On January 1, 1842, after a sojourn of twenty-eight years, the Russians returned to Alaska.'

THE BERKELEY HILLS AND U. C. CAMPUS——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

A choice one-day excursion for the bay city motorist is over the Berkeley Hills and around the campus of the University of California. On a clear day a remarkable vista of the bay and the Golden Gate is to be had and a panorama of all the bay cities is one of the features of the trip. The roads are all paved and the grades are easy. "The Examiner" scout car, a Lincoln, visited the college campus and routed an excursion through the Berkeley skyline.



THE Berkeley Hills have inspired all the California poets who have visited the bay cities. Edward Rowland Still, Ina Coolbrith, Keeler, Markham, Joaquin Miller and Cheney and a host of others who have been the leaders in the development of what might be termed California literature have noted their charm, have admired the panorama they disclose and have sung of those sloping heights as the Romance bards have rhymed the praises of Fiesole and the meadows of honeyed Hybla.

When the winter rains come tumbling down and the unpaved paths are treacherous and mud besmeared the excursion over the Berkeley Hills is an ideal day's jaunt. "The Examiner" scout car, a Lincoln, routed the trip and found enough scenery to provide for a score of trips and enough roads of the paved variety to motor around for a month.

If you wish to prepare yourself for the ramble about the Berkeley Hills read Edward Pollock's "How the Clouds Came in Through the Golden Gate" and Clarence Urmy's "When I Came Down Mt. Tamalpais," for nowhere about the bay do you get such a remarkable outlook on these two natural phenomena of the peninsular region.

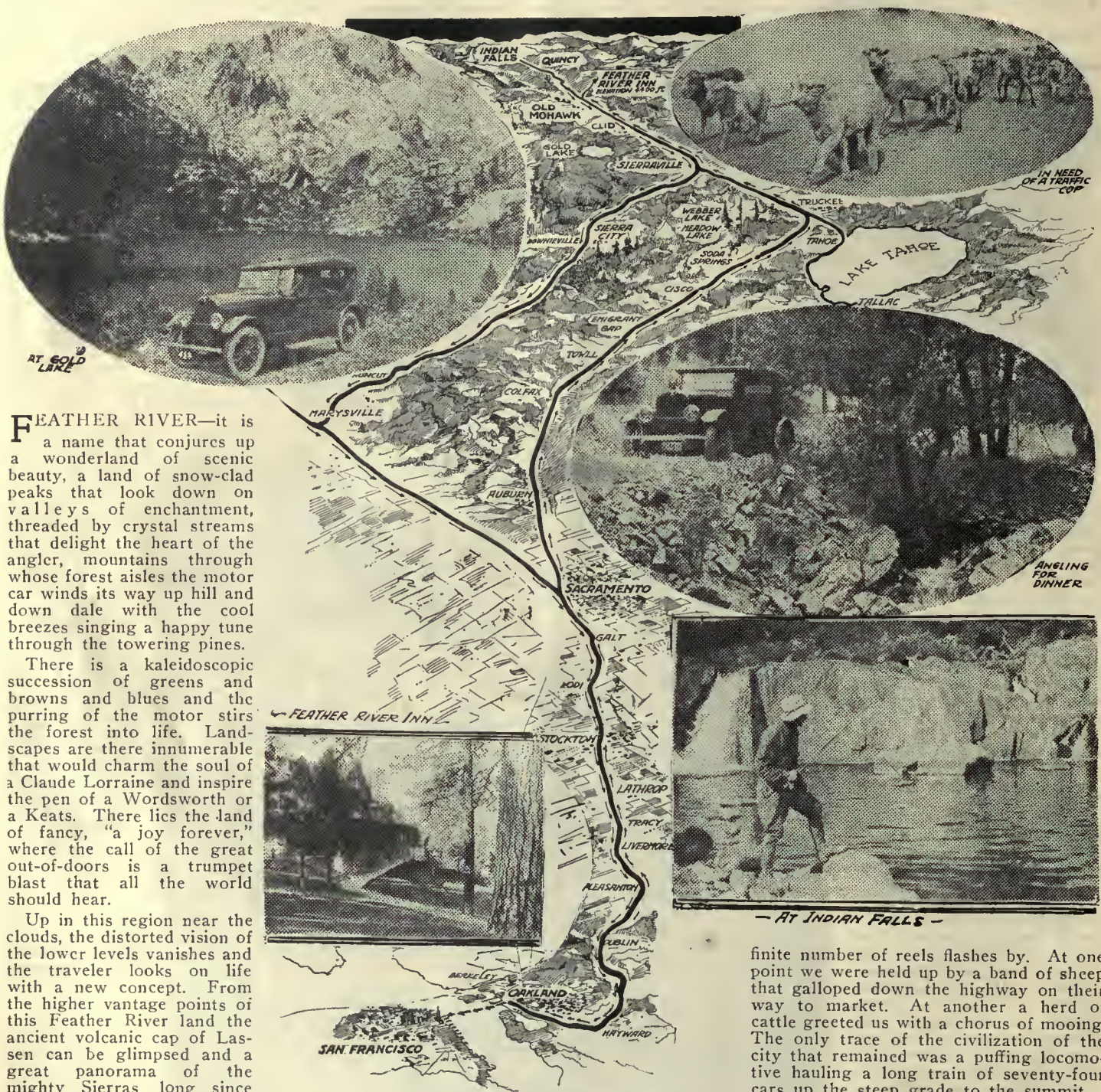
The University of California campus alone provides many a path where the amateur photographer can catch some prized pictures for the home album. There are the often snapped Le Conte oaks and Eucalyptus Lane; there is the Campanile and the new array of architectural achievements which house a most rapidly growing university. There are, too, the old time structures with their ancient walls wreathed in garlands of ivy. There is the picturesque Faculty Glade and Strawberry Creek, the botanical gardens, and the famous Greek Theater.

If you enter by the Sather Gate and follow the winding paths that circle the Campanile a continual succession of pleasant scenery awaits you. Leave the campus by Euclid avenue at north gate and follow the Euclid car line out and up to the top of the Berkeley Hills.

Pause at the summit. To the right are Richmond and Albany and at your feet the city of Berkeley. At the left of the picture is Oakland with its City Hall standing out against the buildings and bay. A glimpse of Alameda may be seen and across the bay the Ferry tower looms against the white background of San Francisco, Goat Island, Alcatraz, Mt. Tamalpais with Tiburon island and the cities that dot the northern peninsular shore stand out in white and gray and brown with the darker blue of the Pacific visible through the narrow cliffs that guard the Golden Gate. Sunset at this time of the year with the cloud mottled skies is a wonderful sight.

THE FEATHER RIVER COUNTRY—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

For variety of scenery, from the snow-capped Sierras to the beautiful trout streams of the valleys, the Feather River country is unsurpassed. "The Examiner" scout car, a King Eight, made the trip and mapped out the way for bay city motorists. The map shows the two routes open to automobile traffic.



FEATHER RIVER—it is a name that conjures up a wonderland of scenic beauty, a land of snow-clad peaks that look down on valleys of enchantment, threaded by crystal streams that delight the heart of the angler, mountains through whose forest aisles the motor car winds its way up hill and down dale with the cool breezes singing a happy tune through the towering pines.

There is a kaleidoscopic succession of greens and browns and blues and the purring of the motor stirs the forest into life. Landscapes are there innumerable that would charm the soul of a Claude Lorraine and inspire the pen of a Wordsworth or a Keats. There lies the land of fancy, "a joy forever," where the call of the great out-of-doors is a trumpet blast that all the world should hear.

Up in this region near the clouds, the distorted vision of the lower levels vanishes and the traveler looks on life with a new concept. From the higher vantage points of this Feather River land the ancient volcanic cap of Lassen can be glimpsed and a great panorama of the mighty Sierras, long since burned out and brought under the dominion of ice and snow. Here aeons ago Nature, with its great glaciers, sculptured the rugged ranges and carved out the awful gorges through which the melting snow now pours in its mad rush to the sea.

"The Examiner" scout car, a King Eight, made the round trip and found the roads in passable shape. The road from Marysville, via Honcut, Camptonville, Downieville, Sierra City and Sierraville, had just been opened and was somewhat rough, but it is in very good shape by the middle of June. The route by way of Truckee was snow-bound, but was to be open within a short time.

Just outside of Sacramento is the municipal picnic grounds and Traffic Officer Ryan will flag you down to a discreet fifteen miles an hour to enable you to gather more than a fleeting glimpse of the Del Paso Park. A picnic ground, a deer park and a golf course are located there

Then, on to Marysville and we reach the edge of the Feather River country. The rolling hills grow steeper and the trail grows narrower while the air takes on the chill of the snow bedecked heights beyond. The moving picture of an infinite number of reels flashes by. At one point we were held up by a band of sheep that galloped down the highway on their way to market. At another a herd of cattle greeted us with a chorus of mooing. The only trace of the civilization of the city that remained was a puffing locomotive hauling a long train of seventy-four cars up the steep grade to the summit.

The Feather river with its North Fork, Middle Fork, East Branch of the North Fork and Spring Garden and Spanish creeks, covers almost the whole of Plumas county and is well stocked with trout. It is a Paradise for the angler.

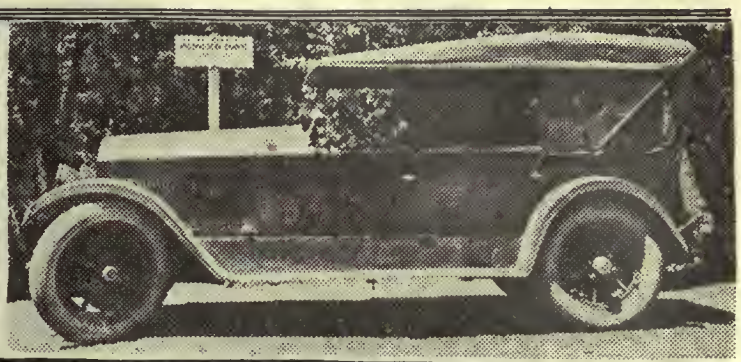
Feather River Inn, which was made the headquarters of "The Examiner" party, was reached by supper time and the supper was a fitting climax to the day's ride.

The inn proper is a rambling log structure with wide porches and huge dining room (with seating capacity for 200 people), kitchen, office, foyer, club room, and a small number of sleeping rooms.

THE LAKE OF THE SKY AND THE HIGH SIERRA—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

No motorist's log book is complete without a visit to the world-famous Lake Tahoe and the rugged country over which the first emigrant trains made their way in the days of the gold rush. Every mile of the excursion is over historic ground. "The Examiner" scout car, a Cole, mapped out the jaunt. The run to the lake by the Placerville route may easily be made in eight hours from the bay cities. Thousands of campers line the banks of the American River.









START out at about 9 o' the morning, proceed at an easy pace through the famous town of Pinole, drive on to the Ferry at the town of Crockett, then through Vallejo, Cordelia, Vacaville to Sacramento. There regale yourself on a sandwich or two with a less than one-half of 1 per cent concoction of malt and other things. That will be the prelude to the grand march. The march itself proceeds out M street, Sacramento, to the town of Folsom, of prison fame, and though the highway looks inviting straight ahead, turn right on the paved road that mounts the hill and you are off on the way to Placerville and Lake Tahoe.

It's an easy six-hour drive from the State capital to the shore of the lake. The paved highway ends a short distance outside of Placerville, but the dirt road has been scraped and shaved and powdered until it's even a bit better than the cement highway.

What a change is there from the days of the gold rush.

In spite of the fact that the tourists' travel in that section broke all records, there was ample room for the rest of the world if it had decided to come.

The din and disorder of the fifties have passed. The purring of the motor car has replaced the tinkling of the bells on the mule teams and gleaming in the sunlight. Mt. Tallac enrobed in a solid coat of white, the other peaks with scattered patches of brown and green, where the snows have melted and the tall pines are revealed in their spring garb. The wonderful shades of forest and lake and sky the camera cannot catch, no artist can paint. It is a continual vision of joy to the eyes alone.

I am the mirror of cloud and star,
The Lake of the Azure Sky.
I pillow my face
In the wind's embrace
As I list to the eagle's cry.

My shores are girt with the pine-clad hills,
My rule is the realm of snow,
And the storms may beat
O'er my sovereign seat,
But I hide in the depths below.

My waters the tears of the winter sky,
My waves are of earth born free,
And my passion thrills,
In a thousand rills
That leap in their rush to the sea.

I felt the rise of the towering peaks
In the dawn of a mighty earth,
And the thunderous blast
As the tempests passed
In the throes of a mountain's birth.

I saw the toil of a host of men,
The joy and the grief and the cold,
I counted the cost
And the thousands lost
Who died in their quest for gold.

I am the mirror of cloud and star,
The spirit of earth and air,
Of the Peace that lies
In the tranquil skies,
Afar from the bourn of Care.

THE CALAVERAS GROVE OF BIG TREES————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

"The Examiner" scout car, a Mitchell, mapped out the trip to the Calaveras Grove for the benefit of bay city motorists. It is an easy week-end journey, with good highways all the way, and one of the most wonderful and awe-inspiring sights in the world is at the end of the quest. Some of the scenes that were snapped on the journey and a sketch of the ways of "going" and "coming" are shown below.



IF trees could talk what an interesting history some of them would have to tell! The oldest of living things, these mighty monarchs of the California forests. Their lives began before the day of calendars and some of them have witnessed many of the birth throes of this great Pacific coast.

It is with a feeling of awe that one traverses the twilight aisles of the redwoods, and the span of a man's life pales to insignificance in comparison with the hoary age of the mammoth groves.

The "Examiner" scout car, a new Mitchell, journeyed to the Calaveras country last week and brought back photographic souvenirs of the trip and the latest road reports from the hill countries. The highways are in excellent shape, with pavement most of the way, and the journey threads through a great deal of the famous land of the southern mines, the golden land of '49. Through cities once great, now dead or sleeping, past iron-shuttered buildings that once were alive with the enthusiasm of those in quest of the riches of the Sierras.

It is a land made famous in literature by the stories of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Bayord Taylor visited this quaint region of the earth and immortalized it in his views afoot. And it has provided many a fertile theme for short story and novel and moving picture scenario of the modern day. Douglas Fairbanks and his troupe photographed many of the scenes of one of his best productions in the Calaveras Grove, and Griffith set many of the scenes of his scenarios in the vicinity of Tuttletown and Sonora.

The pavement extends now almost to Knights Ferry, and the road from there through Sonora and Angels is in excellent shape. Returning, the motorist has a choice of a half-dozen routes, one of the most pleasant being through the old towns of Jackson and Ione and on to Sacramento.

The Calaveras Grove is situated in a small valley near the headwaters of the San Antonio at an elevation of 4,702 feet. There are good accommodations to be had at the gate of the Big Trees, where a hotel was erected in the early days. The grove is privately owned.

The Grove contains ten trees, each 30 feet in diameter, and over 70 that are between 15 and 30 feet. Hittell, in his "Resources of California," says: "One of the trees, which are down, "The Father of the Forest," must have been 450 feet high and 40 feet in diameter." In 1853, one of the largest trees, 92 feet in circumference and over 300 feet high, was cut down. Five men worked 25 days in felling it, using large augers. The stump of this tree has been smoothed off and now accommodates 32 dancers. Theatrical performances have been held upon it, and in 1858 a newspaper, "The Big Tree Bulletin," was printed there.

Near the stump lies a section of the trunk; this is 25 feet in diameter and 20 feet long; beyond lies the immense trunk as it fell, measuring 302 feet from the base to its extremity. Upon this was situated a bar-room and tenpin alley, stretching along its upper surface for a distance of 31 feet, affording ample space for two alley-beds side by side.

The first of the trees that attract the eye as one enters the grove are the two Sentinels, one of which fell in the great windstorm of the fall of 1919.

South of the "Sentinels" and to the right of the road as you approach them, on the hillside, stands a tree over 14 feet in diameter, which has been named "Old Dowd," in honor of the discoverer of the Grove, which discovery was made in 1852.

The South Grove extends 3½ miles and contains 1,380 large trees. Any tree there under 18 feet in circumference is not considered a large tree.

It is a wonderful week-end excursion, this jaunt to the Big Trees, but it is also one that the longer one stays the longer one wants to stay. In the midst of these hoary sentinels of Time a Keats might have found inspiration for a "Hyperion."

IN THE LAND OF MISTLETOE AND REDBERRIES—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Within a stone's throw of the town of Winters, in Solano County, there's enough mistletoe to supply all California for many a year to come. "The Examiner" scout car, a Grant, made the expedition and found mistletoe and redberries galore as a reward of the trip. And they raise turkeys up in that region big enough for the biggest family, all healthy looking birds, too.



PUTAH CREEK CANYON, between Winters and Vacaville, in Solano county, is one of the leading haunts of the mistletoe and redberry in California. There is enough of the popular Christmas decoration to supply the State and all the East in that one little canyon. As the mistletoe destroys the trees on which it grows, the more of it that is carried away the better for the trees. In a scout trip to locate the lair of the mistletoe, "The Examiner" car, a Grant, set out and found the object of its search growing in the greatest profusion.

There is highway to Vacaville, paved highway, and during the summer season there is a fair road between Vacaville and Winters, but during the winter a half dozen pairs of chains are handy things to have along. Between Winters and Dixon there is a passable road along the creek, but the other road, in the rainy season, is about as passable for a machine as the the high peaks of the Sierra in midwinter.

If you take the "inside route" to Dixon from Winters in the rainy season, take along several tractors and a few shovels to excavate the car when it sinks down over the top of the hood. Farmers we met along the road declared their pleas for a few coatings of gravel on these "near roads" have long been in vain. There is plenty of gravel in the bed of Putah creek, only a short distance away, but Solano county doesn't seem able to afford the transportation.

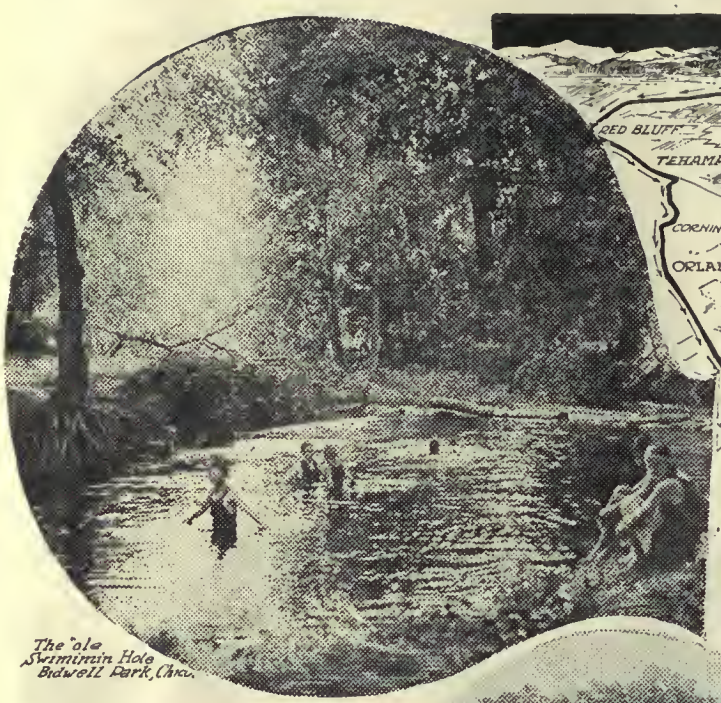
They have some wonderful turkeys up in that portion of the State, too. Gobblers of a size that would frighten a full grown porker are in almost every farm yard you pass and the Solano county residents should not do much worrying about the high price of the Christmas bird with that flock displaying its charms for the passers-by.

Outside of the mistletoe, the redberries and the Christmas fowl the scenery around Putah creek and through Pleasant valley that lies between Vacaville and Winters is well worth the trip. If Solano county realizes its opportunity in the way of good roads development it will open up a country that is one of the prize sections of the State.

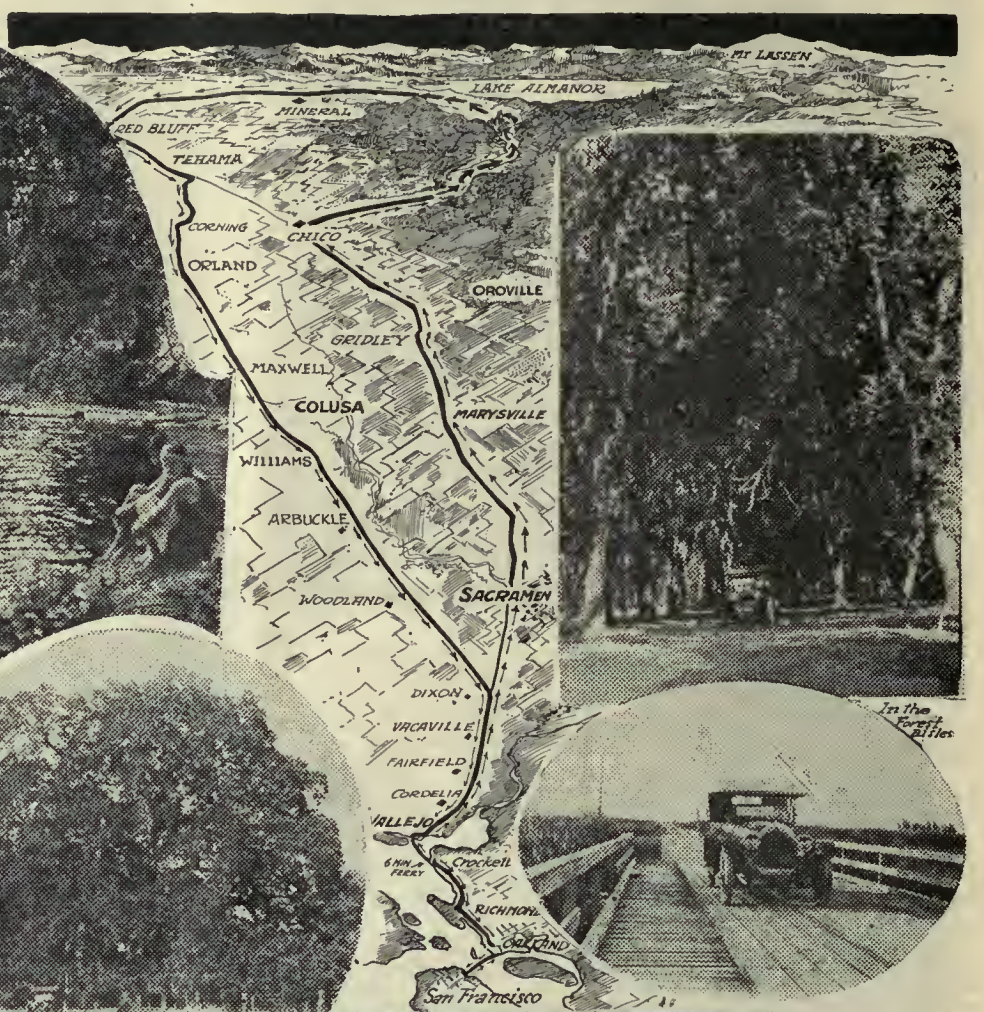
During the spring and summer there's very little to complain of in Solano county roads and soon the winter highway will be better taken care of. The trip to Winters then may be made either in rain or shine and chains may be left at home. One of the prettiest sights in California is the Vaca and Winters valley in the springtime of the year when the cherry trees are covered with blossoms. There is many a vantage point from which great stretches of orchard land may be seen.

SACRAMENTO VALLEY AND MT. LASSEN————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

The old swimmin' hole is a popular resort in the days of summer, particularly in the warm confines of the Sacramento Valley. "The Examiner" scout car, an Oldsmobile Eight, toured through the Sacramento Valley visiting Chico and its famous Bidwell Park and skirting the Government Reservation of Lassen National Park. The old volcano was not performing, however, so the photographer dug up a scene taken during the last activity. The famous Hooker Oak, which covers an acre of ground—the largest tree of its kind—is located in Chico's municipal camping grounds.



The 'ole Swimmin Hole Bidwell Park, Chico.



In the Forest Allies

The Hooker Oak



Mt. Lassen

FORTY-THREE miles east of Red Bluff, 10,577 feet above sea level, stands the northern sentinel of the Sacramento Valley, Mt. Lassen. When, on May 30, 1914, it burst into eruption, throwing volumes of smoke thousands of feet in the air, it was heralded as a new wonder in California, the only active volcano in the United States.

The Sierra region was long regarded as a range of dead peaks that once had blazed with all the artillery of earth. Beds of lava appeal to the sight-seer in pursuit of vistas that awe and inspire.

The mountain was named after Peter Lassen, a pioneer settler, and has four peaks, the eruption taking place on the northeast slope of the principal rise a short distance from the summit. The whole of the lower part of the mountain is covered with strange phenomena. Steam pours forth from fissures in the rocks. Boiling mud and mineral lakes are to be found throughout the reservation.

"The Examiner" scout car explored this strange region of weird beauty last week, visiting en route the famous Bidwell park of Chico, with its Hooker Oak, the largest in the world, and the Government experimental gardens. The return trip was made via Colusa and the rice fields.

Bidwell Park contains many an "old swimmin' hole" where youth and age seek relief from the heat. Several hundred swimmers were enjoying a dip at the dam, but here and there throughout the park there was a "private" beach where individual motor parties were enjoying themselves. Two recalcitrant maids refused to pose for their pictures, but the camera caught them as the scout car sped past.

The Hooker Oak covers an entire acre, and it is said that ten thousand persons may stand beneath its shade without overcrowding. Old King Alfred was enjoying himself in Merrie England when this big oak was starting in business over on this continent. The tree was named from a famous English botanist.

The return trip by way of Colusa includes about forty miles of dirt road, about thirty-five of which is in excellent condition. The entire trip by way of Sacramento is over concrete highway with perhaps a few hundred yards of unpaved strips. The Oldsmobile that was used on the scout expedition kept up a steady pace, never halting for any kind of road or mechanical difficulty, and left an indelible impression of dependability.

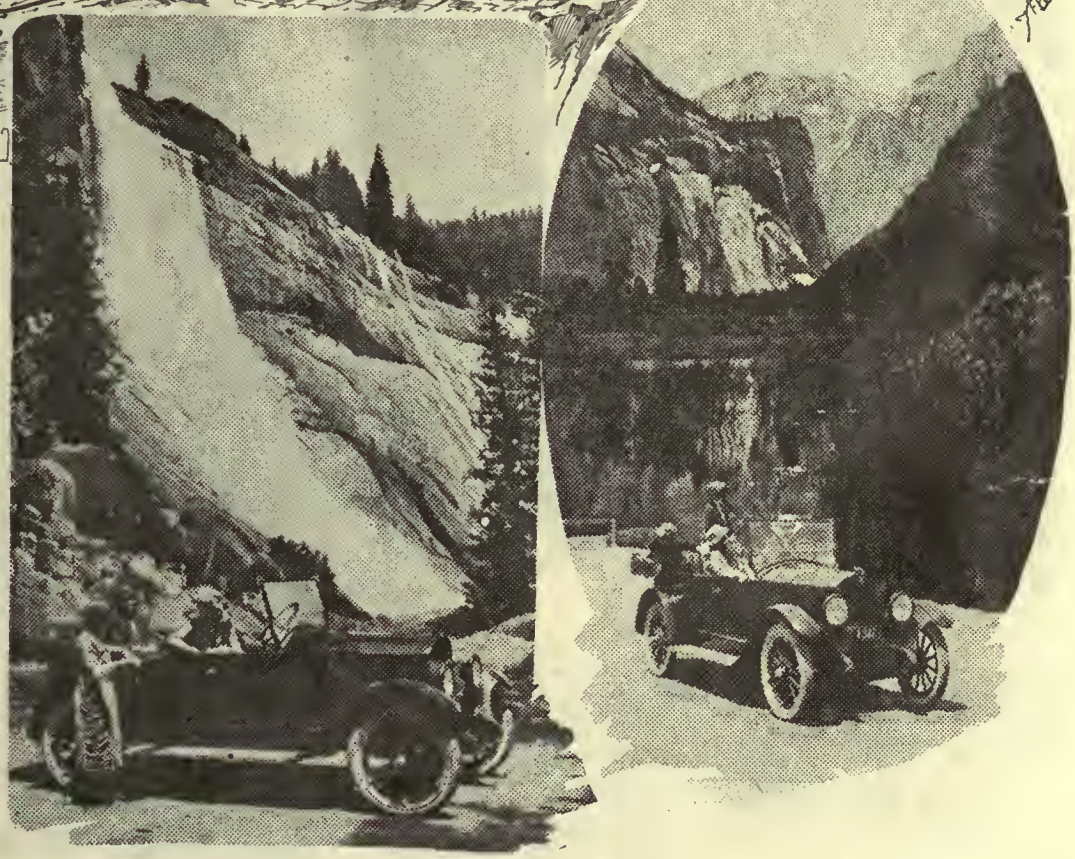
The Lassen excursion is a possible two-day trip, but three days, or even more, will enable the voyageurs to take the foot trails that lead to the interesting scenes of the national park itself.

The Mt. Lassen trip is not an excursion to be made during the rainy season as the State Highway Commission has yet to put in the concrete road to the objective point of the tour. Many of the roads are narrow and after a heavy rain the surface is not too solid for comfort. But in the late spring and the summertime the resorts are open and the roads are good.

IN THE VALLEY OF YOSEMITE——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

"The Examiner" scout car, a Velie, visited the Yosemite Valley and here are some scenes that are prominent attractions to all valley visitors. The map shows two roads most popular to motorists going in and out of this scenic wonderland.





TO the Eastern tourist the best known scenic trip offered by California is the Yosemite Valley. Its chasms and domes, its waterfalls and beautiful streams have, on postcard and advertising literature of the Pacific Coast, become widely known throughout the world. It is a trip which cannot be fittingly described. The sublimity of this great canyon is such that adjectives cannot bring to the mind of the reader the tremendous prospect which lies in that masterpiece of nature.

John Muir, who did more than any other individual to make the world realize what grandeur there was in the Sierras, writes of the Yosemite as follows:

"The far-famed Yosemite Valley lies well back on the western slope of the Sierra, about a hundred and fifty miles to the eastward of San Francisco. It is about seven miles long, from half a mile to a mile wide, and nearly a mile deep, carved in the solid granite flank of the range. Its majestic walls are sculptured into a bewildering variety of forms—domes and gables, towers and battlements, and sheer massive cliffs, separated by grooves and furrows and deep, shadowy canyons, and adorned with evergreen trees. The bottom is level and park-like, finely diversified with meadows and groves, and bright, sunny gardens; the River of Mercy, clear as crystal, sweeping in tranquil beauty through the midst, while the whole valley resounds with the music of its unrivaled waterfalls.

"It is a place compactly filled with wild mountain beauty and grandeur—floods of sunshine, floods of snowy water, beautiful trees of many species, thickets of flowering shrubs, beds of flowers of every color, from the blue and white violets on the meadows to the crimson pillars of the snow-flowers glowing among the brown needles beneath the firs. Ferns and mosses find grateful homes in a thousand moist nooks among the rocks, hummingbirds are seen glinting about among the showy flowers, small singers enliven the underbrush, and wide-winged hawks and eagles float in the calm depths between the mighty walls; squirrels in the trees, bears in the canyons; all find peaceful homes, beautiful life of every form, things frail and fleeting and types of enduring strength meeting and blending, as if into this grand mountain mansion Nature had gathered her choicest treasures, whether great or small.

"The Yosemite Valley was discovered in the spring of 1851 by Captain Boling."

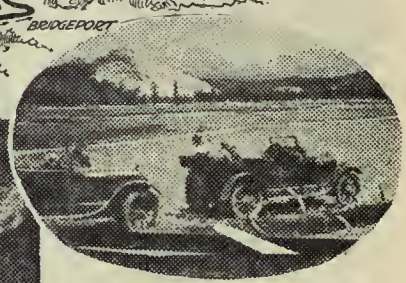
TIOGA PASS, ROAD OF A THOUSAND WONDERS—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

One of the grandest spectacles in America is the succession of vistas on the world-famous Tioga Pass road that lies between the region of Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite National Park. Over this mountain route "The Examiner" scout car, a Cleveland, made its way and mapped out the excursion for motorists of the bay cities. A Chandler car accompanied the path-finders in their scenery-seeking excursion.











HIGHER than the world-famous passes of Switzerland, which have stood so long as symbols of grandeur and beauty, expressing in their precipitous cliffs and thundering waterfalls the sublimity of Nature, the Sierras offer to the motorist one of the most attractive excursions in the log. Alpenstock and picturesque Swiss mountaineers might appeal to the more romantic as less out of place in such a setting than a modern motor car, but nevertheless the automobile has brought these marvels of nature nearer to the gates of the city and made them accessible to all.

It was with the idea of mapping out the Tioga Pass trip, perhaps of all California motorlogues the most scenic, that an "Examiner" scout car, a Cleveland, traveled around the circuit the other day and snapped as much of the beauty of that far-famed region as the photographic plate would allow.

The start was made late in the afternoon and the first night was spent in Sacramento. Woodfords was reached by the second evening and Tioga Lodge on Mono Lake was the third day's stand. Carl Inn made up the fourth day of the trip and the fifth day found the wanderers home again. The trip might be made in faster time, but it would be more pleasurable at a slower pace. A "scout" trip is not always a pleasant jaunt.

But this excursion, although the time was short and the time for drinking in scenery comparatively momentary, was one replete with pleasure, and those who were fortunate enough to make the trip voiced a unanimous resolve to make it again at the next opportunity.

At the foot of Meyers grade the party was met by Grant P. Merrill, resident engineer of the California Highway Commission, and escorted to Woodfords.

Next morning Merrill, again as escort, conducted the tourists over a short-cut which eliminated Minden and Gardnerville, Nev., and which took them by a more direct route to Holbrook.

At Tioga Lodge the party was the guest of W. W. Cunningham. Cunningham, who is well known throughout that section of the country, has taken over the old Hammond place fronting on Hono Lake, given the place the name of Tioga Lake, as it is practically the eastern gateway to Tioga Pass, and is making it an attractive place of rest and relaxation.

"The glaciers were the pass-makers of the Sierras," writes John Muir, "and by them the ways of the mountaineers have been determined. The short geological time before the coming on of that winter of winters called 'The Glacier Period,' a vast deluge of molten rocks poured from many a chasm and crater on the flanks and summit of the range, obliterating every distinction of peak and pass throughout its northern portions, filling the lake basins, flooding ridge and valley alike and effacing nearly every feature of the pre-glacial landscapes.

"Then, after these all-destroying floods ceased to flow, but while the great volcanic cones built up along the axis of the range still burned and smoked, the whole Sierra passed under the domain of ice and snow. Over the bald, featureless, fire-blackened mountains glaciers crawled, covering them all from summit to base with a mantle of ice; and thus with infinite deliberation the work was begun."

MT. SHASTA AND THE CALIFORNIA ALPS———AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

One of the most wonderful winter panoramas in California is the region about the foot of Mt. Shasta, where are the headwaters of the Sacramento River. "The Examiner" scout car, a Studebaker Light Six Sedan, made the trip and went through rain-storm and blizzard and over the snow-trail without the slightest difficulty. It was an excursion the more remarkable because of the contrasts of climate through which the car progressed.



SNOW has a wonderful attraction in the Yuletide. It has the greater attraction for the Californian perhaps than for the Easterner, who has a surfeit of it. But the California motorist who has never piloted his motor car off the paved highway into the Land of Winter, who has never visited our California Alps and watched the curtain of cloud raised and lowered over the sublime panorama of the mighty Sierras, has missed much of the enjoyment which might easily be his in a day's journey.

Here is a prescription for the holiday season, more stimulating than liquids unmentionable, more health-bringing and inspiring than the world of Spring. If you have it filled while the heights are wearing their mantle of white and the tang of the winter is in the air you will have added a chapter to the Book of Memory that will be interesting reading for a long time to come.

An uninterrupted gray line of pavement from Oakland to Crockett, from Vallejo to Sacramento, from Sacramento, Chico and thirteen miles beyond; a seventy-mile dash of gravel with five miles of heavy going, and a seven-mile run over the snow paths and the quaint old town of Sisson is reached. Here is the heart of the snow land. Return by way of Proberta and Williams and join the main route again near Davis.

All the legends of Manitou, the Great White Spirit, came back to us as we watched the weird behavior of Shasta in the midst of the storm. The whole peak was suddenly revealed and as suddenly vanished, leaving only a shadowy outline of jagged rock looming up in the sky. The whole landscape was a dazzling white and every tree was decked in its holiday array. On the branches the snow hung like cotton. It seemed as if all the Christmas trees in the world had been gathered to greet us. We passed several houses that looked like typical Christmas cards with icicles hanging from the eaves. It was the portal of the land of Kris Kringle and we even had the accompaniment of sleigh bells from a passing sleigh.

IN THE LAND OF "THE CITIES THAT WERE"——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

"The Examiner" scout car, a Mitchell "Six," sped away to the romantic mining district of the Sierra country and visited many of those ancient towns where once the spirit of the days of '49 held sway. Columbia, Douglas Flat, Springfield, and Knight's Ferry, all famous cities of early California, still cling to the memories of their golden era.







WITHIN a few hours' ride of the bay cities lies the land of "The Cities That Were." The hills still wear their autumn garb of red and gray and brown. Over their rolling heights lingers a purple haze, through which the Sierras raise their snow-capped peaks against the background of a deep azure-tinted sky. It is a land of enchantment. It is a Parrish conception of a scene from the Arabian Nights, blended into a harmony of pastel that only Nature herself has the power to wield.

Not a living thing on the landscape as far as the eye can reach. It has yielded up its great store of treasure and the whitened boulders that cover the valleys and hills, tell the end of the golden quest. Now, in its poverty, it is desolate and forgotten, and the camps which once were alive with miners are deserted and the adobe and brick-walled dwellings of the olden time are fast falling into decay.

Six hours of easy driving brought "The Examiner" scout car, a Mitchell Six, into this historic and romantic country. We left at noon Saturday, arriving in Sonora at 6 o'clock and remaining there for the night. In the early morning we pressed on for that district of Tuolumne County, where are the deserted cities of the mining days. Within a few miles of each other, Knights Ferry, Douglas Flat, Springfield and Columbia offer to the motorist one of the most pleasant prospects of scenery and romance that the State can supply.

At Knights Ferry still stands the old covered bridge that succeeded the days of the ferry boat. An ancient uninhabited frame structure guards the entrance to the bridge which marks the border line between California of the present and the California of the earlier time. As you pass through the ancient structure you enter the Portals of the Past. The busy hum of the coast and valley cities fades, the cycle of time has been turned backward and only the sound of the motor car reminds you that you are in the land of romance but not of it.

The first objective after leaving Sonora, which is in itself a quaint old city, is the town of Springfield. It derived its name from the subterranean channels which supplied water to the mines of that region, and as it is in the limestone belt there are many of these remarkable fissures.

Only one of the old buildings of this once famous mining village remains. This was once a church. Later it was converted into a school house. Now it is only a land mark of the City That Was.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the Southern mining towns is Columbia, the city that in its heyday of glory aspired to be the capital of California. In fact, a petition was prepared to this end and thousands of names were secured. But the petition was reserved for a far different use from the one for which it was planned.

A man was slain. The slayer was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. His friends decided that the only way of saving his life was to present a petition to the Governor and plea for his pardon. But where were the signatures to be secured? The sentiment in Columbia itself was not all in favor of the condemned man, so a desperate remedy was decided on. The safe in which the petition for the State capital rested was blown open and the document stolen. All the signatures were removed and appended to the plea for pardon. But the scheme did not work out successfully. The fraud was detected, the petition ignored and the murderer was hanged.

Gold was first discovered in Columbia in March of 1850, and within a year it boasted a population of 6,000. One hundred and forty-three faro banks were in operation here at one time with a gambling capital of a million and a half dollars. Immigrants poured in from Sonora, Jamestown, Jackson and other mining camps, lured by the stories of rich finds and an easy road to riches. A certain Captain Avent was one of the first prospectors in this district and he was lucky enough to take out two and a half pounds of gold a day, with a pound a day for an average on the days following.

Then came Charles Bassett, a storekeeper from Sonora. He started a restaurant, butcher shop and dairy in connection with his supply depot and peddled milk through the camp, finding ready sale at a dollar for each whisky bottle full.

Those who are worrying over the high cost of living and its constant rise toward some unknown infinity might do well to ponder over the following price list on which Storekeeper Bassett depended:

Flour, 18 cents a pound.
Pork, 50 cents a pound.
Lard, 75 cents a pound.
Rice, 20 cents a pound.
Sugar, 40 cents a pound.

But the following commodities seem to have been plentiful:

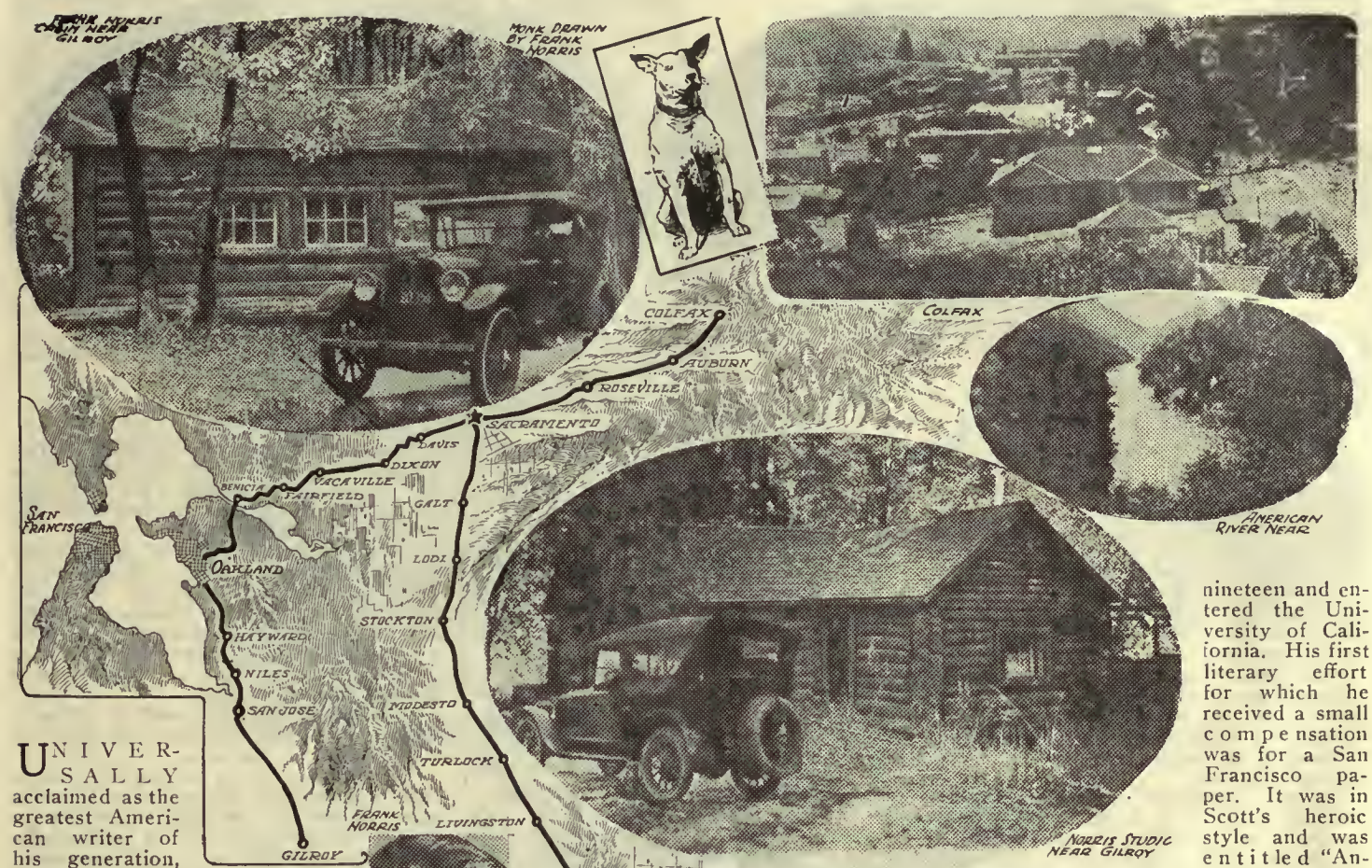
Brandy, per gallon, $2.
Gin, per case, $10.
Whisky, per gallon, $2.
Claret, per box, $10.

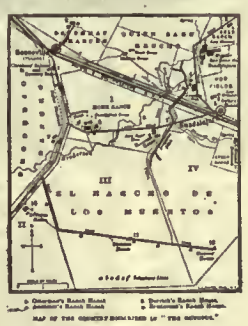
The administration of justice in this old town was by means of the alcalde, and usually the alcalde did not worry about the exact reading of the code.

A stolen pick was found in the room of a storekeeper. The court ordered the defendant to pay a fine of one ounce and the court costs of three ounces. Another case was in regard to the recovery of a mule. The man accused of the theft of the mule was ordered to return the animal to its owner and to pay a fine of one ounce and three ounces costs. But the accused man did not have the gold to provide for the fine, so the court ordered the complainant, who was known to be in good circumstances, to pay the fine and costs, as the court could not be expected to sit without remuneration.

FRANK NORRIS IN CALIFORNIA——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

There are four points in California which played an important part in the life of Frank Norris, the novelist. In the mountains back of Gilroy was his cabin and there stands the monument erected by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson to his memory. In San Francisco was the office of McTeague, and at the Big Dipper mine near Colfax Norris laid the setting for some of the scenes of his novels. The land of "The Octopus" radiates from Tulare. "The Examiner" scout car, a Chandler, visited these scenes of Norris' life and novels.





UNIVERSALLY acclaimed as the greatest American writer of his generation, Frank Norris, graduate of the University of California, found an inspiration for many of the scenes of his stories in the State of his adoption. In San Francisco he laid the opening scenes of "McTeague"; "The Octopus" centered about Tulare; the latter portion of "McTeague" deals with the Big Dipper mine at Iowa Hill, near the town of Colfax, where Frank Norris himself went in the summer of 1897; and Norris spent a short period of his life in the hills back of Gilroy, where his cabin still stands and where Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson erected a monument to his memory.

The Norris vogue was at its height on the publication of the second of the great trilogy of novels which he had planned. The first was "The Octopus," published in April 1901; the second "The Pit," which ran as a serial in the "Saturday Evening Post" and was published in book form in January of 1903; and the third, which was to deal with the distribution of the wheat to famine-stricken Europe.

The original plan was that Frank Norris should be an artist and it was with that intent that at the age of seventeen he went to Paris and had its inspiration in San Francisco, and enrolled at the Atelier Julien. Here it was that he became interested in Froissart's Chronicles and medievalism, and his sketches of chivalric subjects were woven about some of his earlier trials of an artistic nature.

Charles G. Norris, brother of the writer, tells of Frank's delight in the land of make-believe, and "The Pit" contains the dedication "In memory of certain lamentable tales of the round table heroes; of the epic of the pewter platoons, and the romance cycle of "Gaston le Foix," which we invented."

Norris came to California at the age of nineteen and entered the University of California. His first literary effort for which he received a small compensation was for a San Francisco paper. It was in Scott's heroic style and was entitled "Ancient Armour." It contained illustrations from his own pen, but these did not measure up to the poem.

He fell under the spell of the great French realist, Zola; Kipling, Richard Harding Davis and William Dean Howells. A number of his earlier stories appeared in campus publications and in the San Francisco periodicals. Before he completed his course at the University he began "McTeague," which a visit to a friend who was managing the Big Dipper Mine at Colfax resulted in its introduction into the story. McTeague's "Dental Parlors" on Polk street and the coffee shop where he ate disappeared in the fire of 1906.

The country of "The Octopus" lies within a score of miles about Hanford and Tulare. Here Annixter and Magnus Derrick and their fellow farmers battled with the railroad.

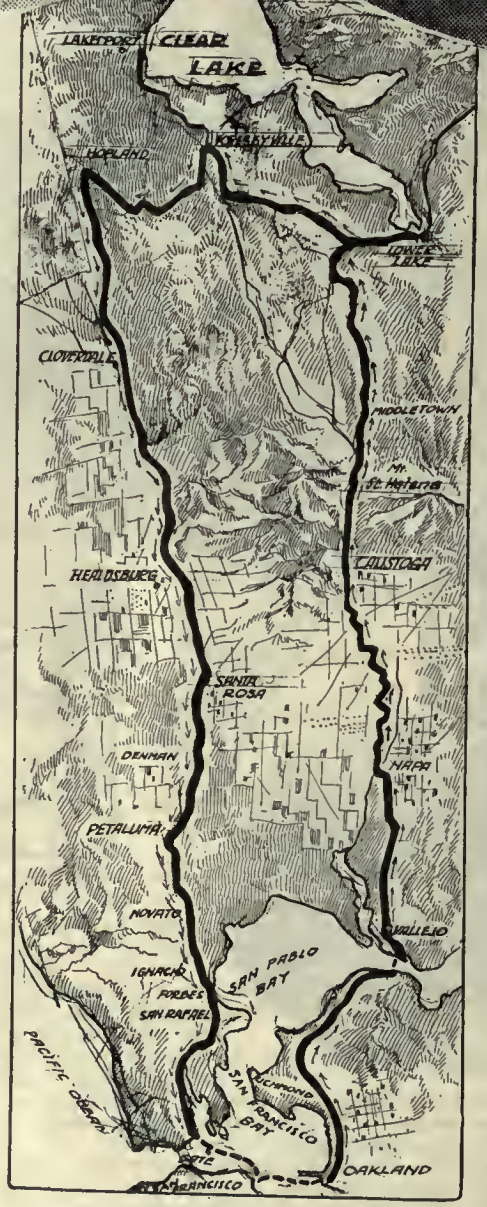
Norris spent the last few months of his life in San Francisco, after a strenuous time as a war correspondent in the Santiago campaign. He enjoyed a brief stay in his cabin on the hills above Gilroy and planned a novel which many critics predicted, would have been the great American novel.

THE GEYSERS AND THE LAND OF SILVERADO——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

It is like visiting a moving picture setting of Dante's Inferno to tread the boiling valley of the geysers, those natural wonders that have made Calistoga and the nearby country famous. Combined with this is the pleasure of looking over the scenes of the honeymoon of Robert Louis Stevenson and the country that inspired the "Silverado Squatters." Here is the trip as mapped out by "The Examiner" scout car, a Grant Six.







'THERE were three mousqueteers in the party, at least that's what they dubbed themselves, and we'll let it go at that. One of them was a wild, wild driver—he was the pilot at the helm of the scout car, a Grant Six—and the other two were out to see that the publicity end of the story was well taken care of.

In the conference that preceded the selection of the trip Lake county loomed large and so it was decided to route the excursion that way. Alack, the day! Old friend weather came along and spoiled the party, at least the riding part of it. As for the scenery and the trip, it was well worth while and when the sun goes on regular duty again the scout car will make another plunge that way.

It is not a distinct and lasting pleasure to skid crosswise on a road two thousand feet up. It is not the most enjoyable thing in the world to ford three or four score streams that splash over the hubs. It is not conducive to happiness on the part of the photographer to aim his snap-shooter while dodging the little drops of water as he wades through ankle-deep stretches of little grains of sand. We say it is not. But we did it and the car did it along with the three mousqueteers.

But withal the unpleasant portions of the excursion there was a great deal of enjoyment. There was the Saturday night stay at Redwood Lodge, something to be long remembered. The big log fire and the surroundings like a bit of old England transplanted entire. And the supper—more of old England and one member of the party carried out the idea still more by demanding his cup of black tea and treacle. Shades of Sir Roger de Coverley and mine host of the Mermaid Tavern!

And then when we had passed through Calistoga and Pluton valley, that devil's caldron that bubbles and growls and steams as if it were the very gate of a Dantesque Hell, we arrived in the honeymoon land of Robert Louis Stevenson, the scene of the Silverado Squatters and the same old fog was rolling in as the evening came and the spirit of the master seemed presiding over this, a place hallowed through the sweetest of memories to him and to his.

Mount St. Helena was a volcano not so very many centuries ago and has stored a remarkable curio land about the base. A petrified forest is there and mountains of volcanic rock and geysers.

And with its array of the curious things of nature there is a treasure chest that is still yielding its ore. Chrome, copper, iron, lead, silver, gold and cinnabar are mined in the vicinity of the mountain and the forests that fringe the peak are rapidly giving way to the advancing plough. Terrace after terrace on the lower hills give an agricultural horizon around the valley that resembles the hills of Provence and the slopes of Southern Italy.

And the blossoms! The pink of the peach and the white of the cherry, apricot, peach, almond, fig and grape. From the towering height of St. Helena the valley is a variegated checkerboard of color, the almond and cherry blossoms alternating with the rich red hue of the freshly plowed soil.

Between showers we absorbed the landscape and a rainbow appeared over the rugged tops of the hills.

The western slopes of Mt. St. Helena were spotted with snow and a cold raw blast swept up through the canyons. Dinner time found us at Kelseyville. From Kelseyville the road follows a wooded creek, winding in and out of deep and rocky gorges. At one point a gigantic mass of rock rises perpendicularly from the highway a thousand feet into the air. The creek itself possesses much of the appearance of the Merced as it glides through the Yosemite over great boulders and into narrow chasms with marine vegetation and green and brown pebbles lending a peculiar mottled colored effect.

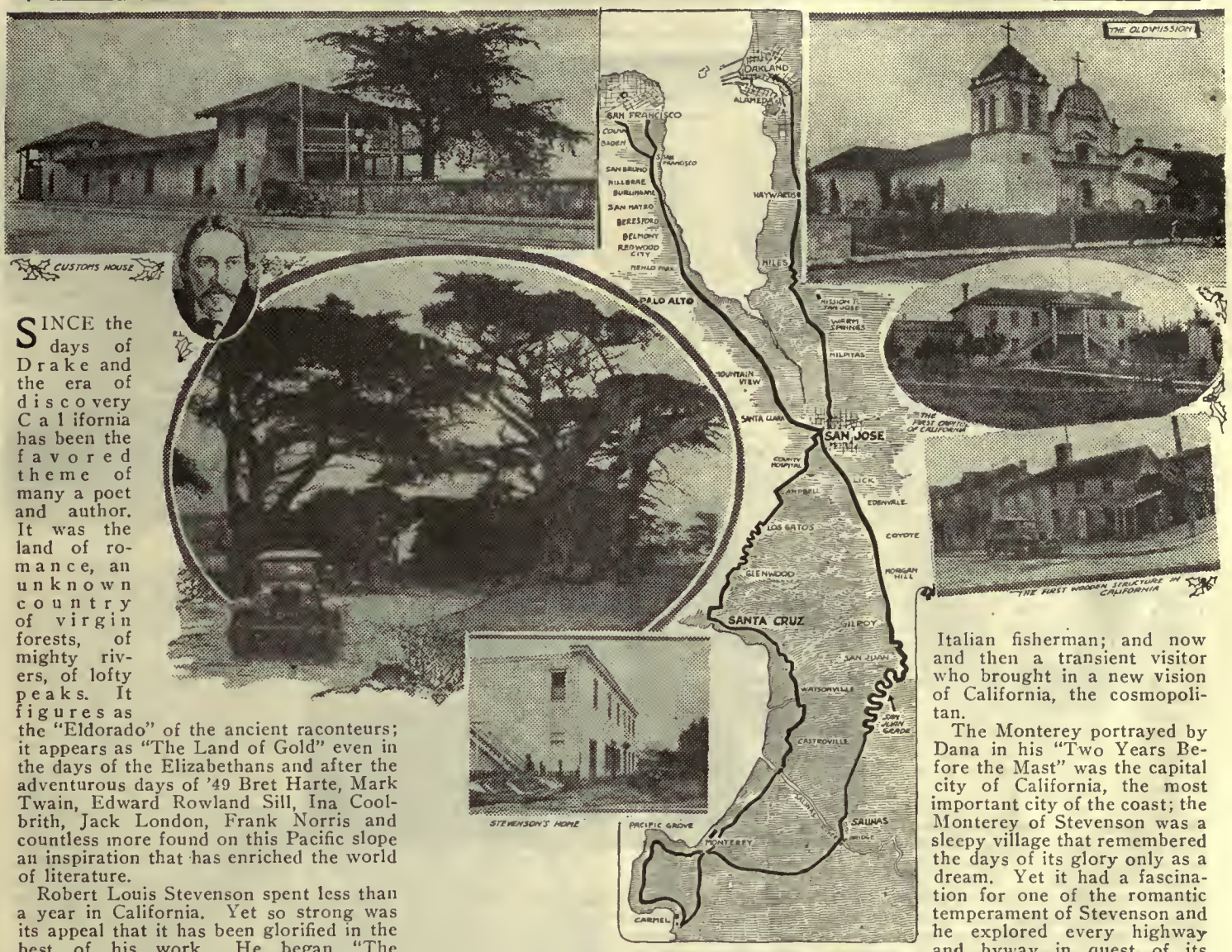
There are two roads leading from Kelseyville to the highway. One passes through Hopland and the second, the river road, cuts the main coast road at Cloverdale. Once on the highway it is easy sailing again and the road worries are over be it rain or shine.

If you follow the trail of the scout car in the winter season, take along chains and you will have no trouble. As for the scenery, there is none more varied in California and there is much that is interesting outside of the wider expanse of the landscape.

In the springtime or the early summer this is a jaunt for the lover of Stevenson as well as the motorist who enjoys a medicinal tonic provided by Nature at her best. Take along a copy of the Silverado Squatters and spend a day or two in growing acquainted with the peculiarities of the climate and country which he describes. There is no better way of acquiring a real insight into the work of this master of English literature than in visiting the scenes which inspired him.

ON THE TRAIL OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Where mingled history and romance spread an alluring glamor on the town of Monterey and its rugged coast, there are many memories of the author of "Kidnaped" and "Treasure Island." "The Examiner" scout car, a Jordan, mapped out the journey for the motorists of the bay cities and photographed many of the points of interest that "R. L. S." loved and which supplied him with many an inspiration. It is an ideal week-end jaunt with paved highway over the entire trip.



SINCE the days of Drake and the era of discovery California has been the favored theme of many a poet and author. It was the land of romance, an unknown country of virgin forests, of mighty rivers, of lofty peaks. It figures as the "Eldorado" of the ancient raconteurs; it appears as "The Land of Gold" even in the days of the Elizabethans and after the adventurous days of '49 Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Edward Rowland Sill, Ina Coolbrith, Jack London, Frank Norris and countless more found on this Pacific slope an inspiration that has enriched the world of literature.

Robert Louis Stevenson spent less than a year in California. Yet so strong was its appeal that it has been glorified in the best of his work. He began "The Amateur Emigrant" at Monterey. "The Pavilion on the Links" was written there, as was his essay on Thoreau and in the rugged landscape of weird, cypress-bound coast and thundering surf are found the scenes of "Treasure Island."

Stevenson came to California before his reputation in the field of letters was established. At the age of 29, in the early part of August, 1879, he sailed from Edinburgh, by steerage, for America. His trip over the desert wastes is described in "Across the Plains," and in his letters to his friends he recalls the delight he experienced at emerging from the barren country into the forests of the Sierras, the great redwoods and the towering, age-old pines, and the ribbon-like rivers of the mountain country.

Then as he reached San Francisco Bay the city was bathed in the white sea fog of the early morning. That vision of the Golden Gate made a vivid impression on his memory and nine years later, in "The Wrecker," he recreates the scene as it impressed him on his first visit to the Pacific Coast.

Stevenson went on to Monterey to see Mrs. Osbourne, his wife-to-be, and spent three weeks in the Santa Lucia Mountains, recuperating from the illness he contracted on the hard trip from Scotland. On his return to Monterey he resided in a large adobe house since named "The Stevenson home," and there began "The Amateur Emigrant."

Stevenson loved the rocky coast of Monterey, "its pines and sand and distant hills, and the bay all filled with real water from the Pacific."

He delighted in the never-ceasing roar of the surf as it thundered against the rocky shore; he revelled in the forest aisles with the deep shade of the gigantic redwoods and the fragrant pines; he found a solace in the varied sweep of the sand dunes and health in the bracing breeze with its tang of the sea. There, too, he found comrades from every clime with whom to muse on subjects varying from the philosophy of life to the preparation of a pleasant patee: Jules Simoneau, restaurant keeper and devoted friend; Francis, the baker; Augustin Dutra, an Italian fisherman; and now and then a transient visitor who brought in a new vision of California, the cosmopolitan.

The Monterey portrayed by Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast" was the capital city of California, the most important city of the coast; the Monterey of Stevenson was a sleepy village that remembered the days of its glory only as a dream. Yet it had a fascination for one of the romantic temperament of Stevenson and he explored every highway and byway in quest of its wealth of the picturesque.

It does not require much effort of the imagination to recreate in the tangled wild through which threads the famous "Seventeen-Mile Drive" the atmosphere of "Treasure Island." There is the very cove on which the treasure seekers landed; there the long stretches of sand dunes over which they toiled; and far up the beach are the thickets in which Jim Hawkins concealed himself as he listened to the pirate conference.

Stevenson was entranced by the sound of the waves; "They set his senses on edge; he strained his attention; he walked, listened like an Indian hunter; and that voice of the Pacific was a sort of disquieting company to him in his walk." The weird shapes of the wind-torn trees stimulated his imagination. "No word can give an idea of the contortions of their growth; they might figure without change in a circle of the nether hell as Dante pictured it."

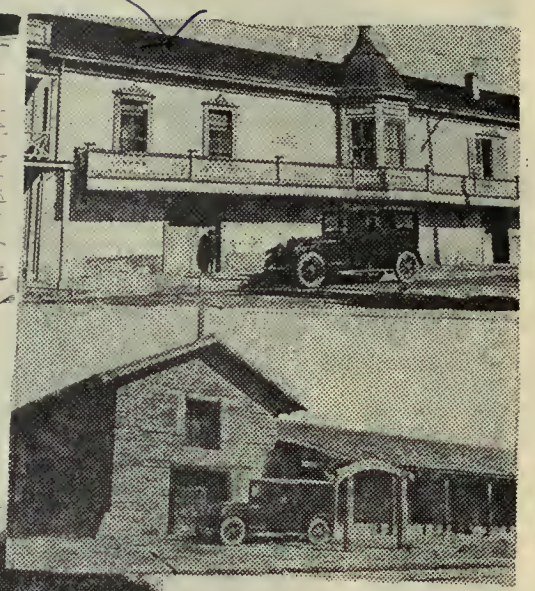
The trip to this land of "Treasure Island" is an ideal week-end jaunt for the bay city motorist.

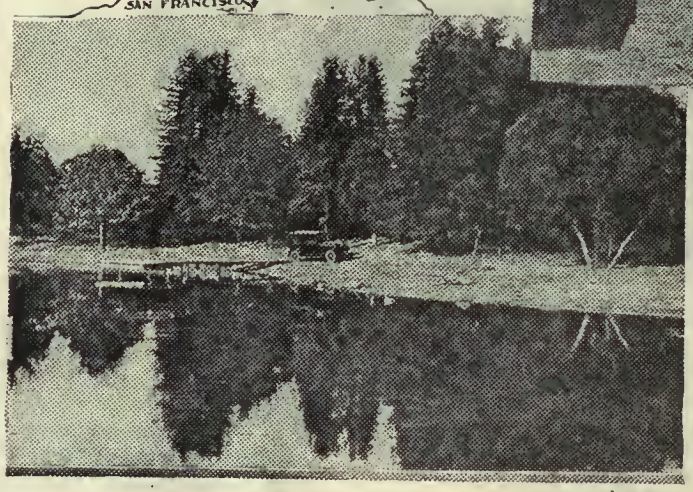
MOTORING THROUGH SONOMA AND JACK LONDON'S 'VALLEY OF THE MOON'

"The Examiner" scout car, a Nash Sedan, journeyed through the romantic and historic Sonoma Valley, visiting the Sonoma Mission and the famous Glen Ellen ranch of the California author. The trip is easily made in a day. The Mission, founded in 1823, is shown in the picture at the right, and above is the Presidio that housed the Bear Flag "Conspirators." In the front room of this old structure was made the Bear Flag and here lodged the followers of General Fremont, "The Pathfinder," who played such a prominent part in early California history. Below is Jack London's beautiful Mirror Lake that supplies water to the ranch.









THE Valley of the Moon! That little hollow in the county of Sonoma, at the foot of the Sonoma hills, has been hallowed with the spirit of romance, not only by its literary associations with the late Jack London but also by its place in the history of California. Indian tribes camped along the banks of Sonoma Creek in the early days; there the most northern of the California Missions was erected in 1823, and there was born the California Republic, that short-lived commonwealth that transferred the control of the Golden State from Mexico to the United States.

Here is the story of the Bear Flag "revolution" of 1846 as related by Professor Hunt in his history of California:

"On June 14, at the break of day, a party of some thirty-two Americans, with Ezekiel Merritt as a sort of leader, surrounded the house of Gen. M. G. Vallejo, the leading resident of Sonoma and one of the most distinguished men of California. Vallejo was not looking for an enemy and of course was taken wholly by surprise; he, his brother Salvador, his brother-in-law, Jacob Leese, and Victor Pruden soon found themselves prisoners of war.

" 'To whom are we to surrender?' asked the wife of General Vallejo in utter amazement. And when it was learned that no one of the party claimed to have any definite orders from Fremont, there was a scene of great confusion. Some wished to back down and leave the place, others held that if they failed they would be little better than robbers and horse thieves.

"The whole project seemed likely to be abandoned when William B. Ide made an earnest appeal to his comrades to stick to the task they had begun with honorable motives. That speech turned the tide and made Ide the real leader of the Bear Flag revolution. Sonoma was captured and the distinguished prisoner was conducted to Fremont's headquarters, then to Sutter's Fort, where he was given the best accommodations the place afforded, but he was constantly guarded.

"Ide remained at Sonoma with twenty-four men to make secure the conquest. Neither Ide nor Fremont then knew that there was war between the United States and Mexico; moreover, Ide seemed to feel uncertain as to what were Fremont's real wishes on the whole question of the revolution.

"Nevertheless Ide was ready; he suggested a declaration of independence and a republic of California. A flag was needed. So the famous Bear Flag was made. Benjamin Dewell, one of the latest survivors of the party, tells us: 'The flag was made in the front of the barracks, just at the left of the door, and most of the sewing was done by myself. Bill Todd painted the bear and star with black ink. The colors—red, white and blue—were used because they were the colors of the United States flag. The bear was selected as representing the strongest animal found in that section of the country. The language of the flag was 'A bear stands his ground always, and as long as the stars shine we stand for the cause.'

"The native Californians, watching the movement of the Americans with idle curiosity and taking note of the proclamations that Ide was nailing to the flagpole almost daily, were more puzzled than angered. Some of them, looking up to the oddest of all flags they had ever seen floating at the top of the staff, and evidently not impressed by the artistic finish, were heard to call out 'Coche!' ('Pig!').

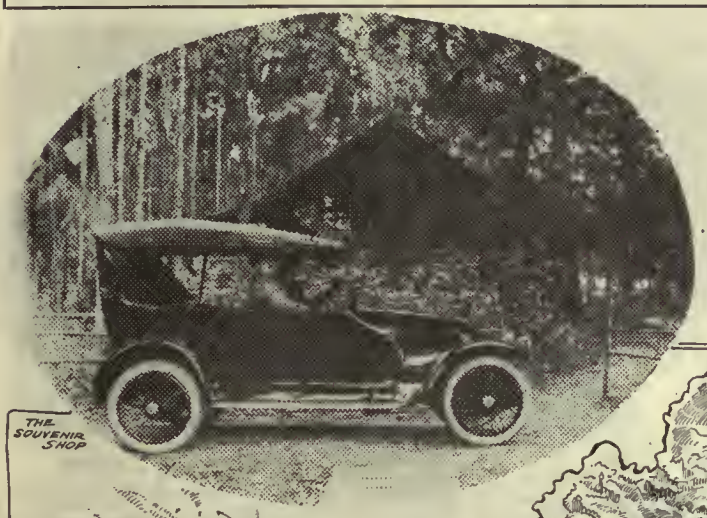
"A simple organization was agreed to, and the men of the Bear Flag party were divided into three small companies with Henry L. Ford, Granville P. Swift and Samuel P. Hensley as captains. Ide declared that it was his object 'to establish and perpetuate a just, liberal and honorable government, which should secure to all civil and religious liberty; insure security of life and property; detect and punish crime and injustice and guarantee freedom to commerce."

Only a few miles from the historic spot that saw the birth of the California Republic lies Glen Ellen, famous the world over as the home of Jack London. The London estate, several hundred acres in extent, combines natural scenery and a cultivated area that reveals the latest agricultural methods of intensive farming. Vineyards terrace the hillsides almost to the edge of the great lake-reservoir that supplies water to the entire ranch. Orchards, fields of grain and stock yards are surrounded with native wilderness that shut out the world and its woes.

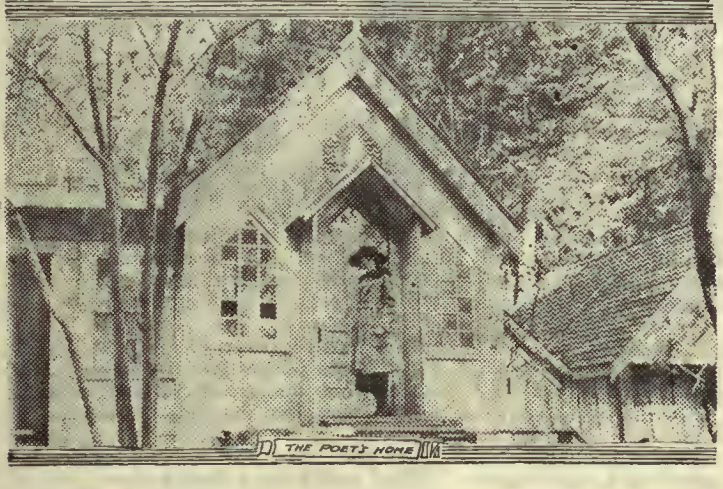
There is a spirit of hospitality about the place—Jack London hospitality—that makes you feel at home as soon as you enter the gate. Pedigreed stock of every breed and kind and color; scientific pens for the aristocratic pigs, the only undemocratic creatures on the place; a quaint old winery converted into a blacksmith shop and a dormitory for the workers on the ranch, and Jack London's home and study, where he wrote the books that brought him fame—all these the realities that came from the dreams of the author of "The Valley of the Moon,"

AT THE HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER——————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

On the hills overlooking Oakland and the Bay of San Francisco is the home of Cincinnatus Heine Miller, author of "Columbus," one of California's greatest poets and a unique figure in literature. With Mark Twain and Bret Harte he formed "The Incomparable Three" in Western letters. "The Examiner" scout car, an air-cooled Franklin, mapped out the trip for readers of the Automobile Section. The pencil sketch of Joaquin Miller was made by V. Nahl of "The Examiner" art staff.







THERE are three world-famous bits of literature that had their inception under the sunny skies of California. Two were the work of Eastern authors writing under the spell of the Golden West. The third was a "world-poem" by a poet whose whole life was spent on this Pacific shore. Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" and Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" are still as laughter stimulating as ever. Joaquin Miller's "Columbus" will hold its place in the poetical anthologies as long as critics compile them and there are readers to enjoy them.

It is a pleasant day's automobile trip to the Joaquin Miller home in the Oakland hills and one which is long remembered. "The Examiner" scout car, a new Franklin, made the trip last week and photographed the monuments which the poet erected with his own hands to the spirits that inspired him. Mrs. Miller and the poet's daughter, Juanita, receive the pilgrims who visit the estate, and hospitality is everywhere in evidence. The relics of the poet, seldom seen by the passing motorist, are all carefully preserved.

There is the poet's study, where he prepared many of his greatest works and on the hills above is the funeral pyre erected by the poet himself as he prepared to meet just such a glorious end as the poet Shelley on the gulf of Spezzia. At the top of the hill is the first of the stone monuments, the pyramid to the first law-giver, Moses. Then the tower to Robert Browning, and beside the highway the gray stone monument to Fremont, the Pathfinder.

The "Hights" is a place the fame of which has gone almost around the world. Not only because of the lyric genius of the author himself, but for the very eccentricity of his mode of life and his novelty of thought has it developed into one of the regions of romance.

Joaquin Miller dedicated this picturesque home up in the cloudland, where he believed he might even have converse with the birds of the air, to imagination and it is a stimulating vista that rewards the visitor for his climb to the top of the forest-clad hill.

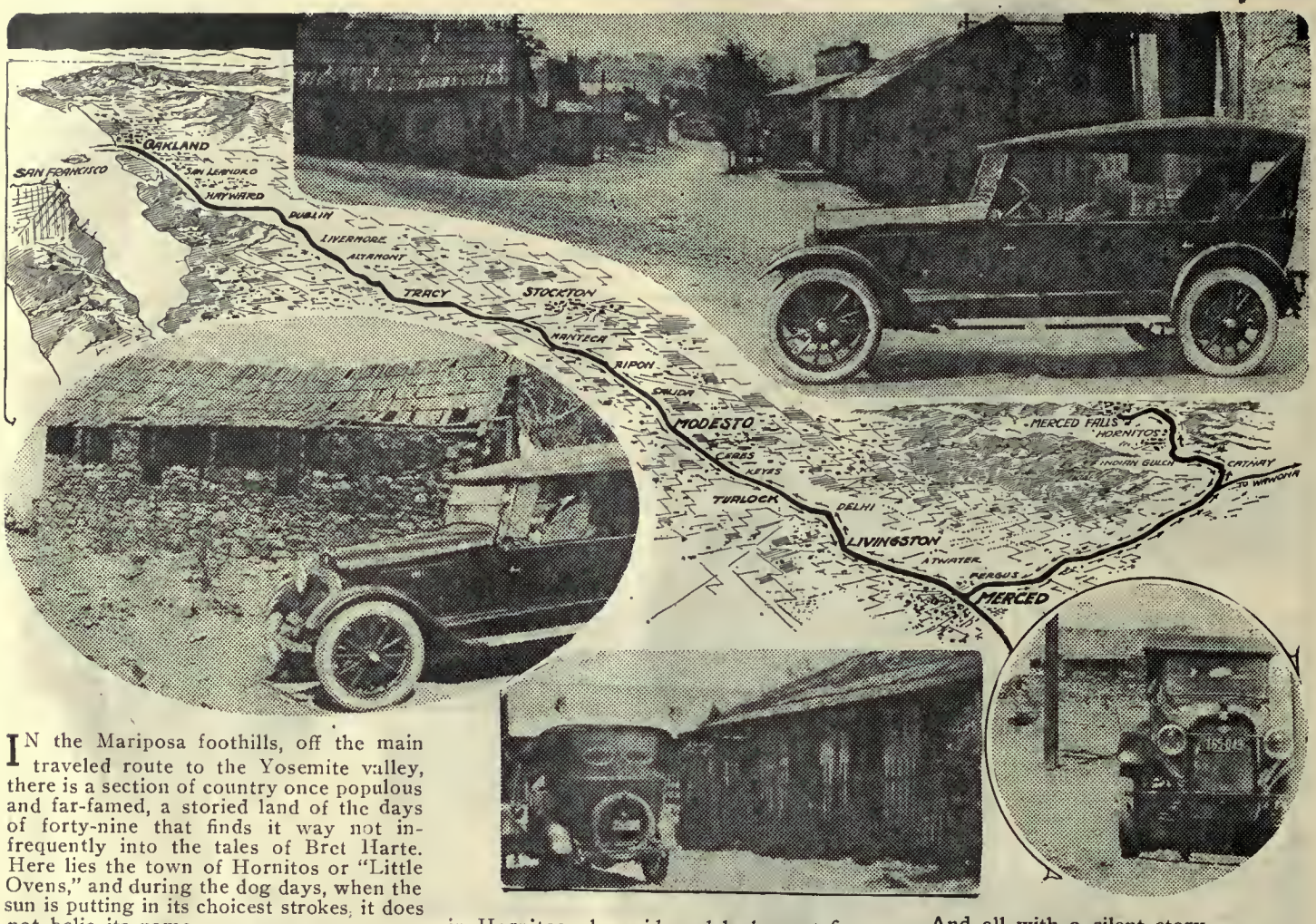
One of the most novel of the relics of Joaquin Miller is his home, the home he called his "Abbey." About twenty feet square, made of planks rough hewn, barn-like in its vacant state, whitewashed and decorated with strange symbols, it might well be classed as "haunted." Above the door is a piece of timber carved in the shape of a crescent moon. Rough slats were nailed across this by the poet and designated as representations of the rays of the sun. To be sure, you must use your imagination, but, after all, the place itself has been dedicated to imagination and the imaginative are not critical.

Mrs. Miller, widow of the poet, tells many an anecdote of the life of her poet husband. "Born in 1841, in Liberty, Indiana," she said, "Joaquin crossed the plains with his father in a prairie schooner. He was captured by Indians and wounded by an arrow that pierced his face and emerged through his neck. He recovered and escaped, but wore a long beard thereafter to cover the scar. He went into the law, was elected to a judgeship. Shortly after this he made his memorable trip to Europe, where he was honored as America's greatest poet.

"It is said that from this hill, where Joaquin finally made his home, Fremont first saw and named the Golden Gate. In his beloved 'Abbey' he wrote his two most famous poems, 'Columbus' and 'The Passing of Tennyson.' He lived here for thirty years."

THE FOOTHILLS OF MARIPOSA COUNTY————AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

There's a world of romance tucked away on the by-ways of the road to Yosemite Valley. It was in search of some of these historic landmarks that "The Examiner" scout car, a Chalmers, voyaged to the little town of Hornitos, "Little Ovens." Some of the scenes of this tiny village, that reproduces a street very much like a modern movie city, recall the days of its founding, the glorious days of gold, the days of '49. The map shows the route via Merced.



IN the Mariposa foothills, off the main traveled route to the Yosemite valley, there is a section of country once populous and far-famed, a storied land of the days of forty-nine that finds it way not infrequently into the tales of Bret Harte. Here lies the town of Hornitos or "Little Ovens," and during the dog days, when the sun is putting in its choicest strokes, it does not belie its name.

To this romantic little village "The Examiner" scout car, a Chalmers, journeyed last week and basked awhile amid these historic monuments of the early times. There were about 4,000 inhabitants in 1850; now it would be difficult to count four-score. Yet its very vacant air, its empty streets, its deserted houses, its rusty, iron-shuttered windows stir the imagination more than its problems of census.

It is easy to imagine a Jack Hamlin parading down this deserted main street, with the admiring eyes of the fair sex peeping out at him, or to hear again the rumbling of the stage coach, the excited chatter of its passengers, feminine shrieks and masculine profanity and see old Yuba Bill lumber awkwardly into the nearest bar. Truly, a generous dose of Bret Harte is better than a Blue Book to guide the tourist when he ventures the way of the southern mines.

There is a stream near the town where a patient laborer may secure his gold, and in the nearby hills there are several mines. But the output is not as startling in amount as it was in the days long passed.

Out of one of the ancient dwellings there came a pretty maid, garbed in a gown that scarcely seemed to gibe with its environment. She was born and raised in Hornitos, she said, and had spent five years at the University. Here is a little something she said that may increase the tourist travel to Hornitos during the winter season. When the rains come, she said, many nuggets are picked up in the main street. These nuggets, washed out of their hiding places in the auriferous soil, are carried down to the doorsteps of the dwellers of Hornitos. But the days of gold-seeking have passed for the most part, and the only occupation of the inhabitants seems to be to sit on the postoffice steps and shoot squirrels.

In the center of town there are two unique buildings, on opposite sides of the narrow street. One was the old dance hall and the other the brewery. A tunnel connects the two. So it was easy to quench a fiery thirst, even if a battle were going on in the main street of the town. And there were a few battles at that.

The road is almost all highway, and the unpaved part is good enough.

This little town of Hornitos is one of the "cities that were"

Afar from the paths of Commerce,
Apart from the busy whir,
The Spirit of Romance slumbers
In the Land of The Cities That Were.

On every sloping hillside
The whitening bowlders rest,
And all with a silent story
Of an ancient treasure quest.

The blue of the sky above us,
The wind-blown plain below,
And beyond, the high Sierras
With minarets of snow.

Where once ten thousand toilers,
Saw wealth and hope ahead,
Now ruin and desolation
The streets in silence tread.

Gone are the days of glory,
And gone is the treasure store,
And gone are the hopes and longings
With the days that are no more.

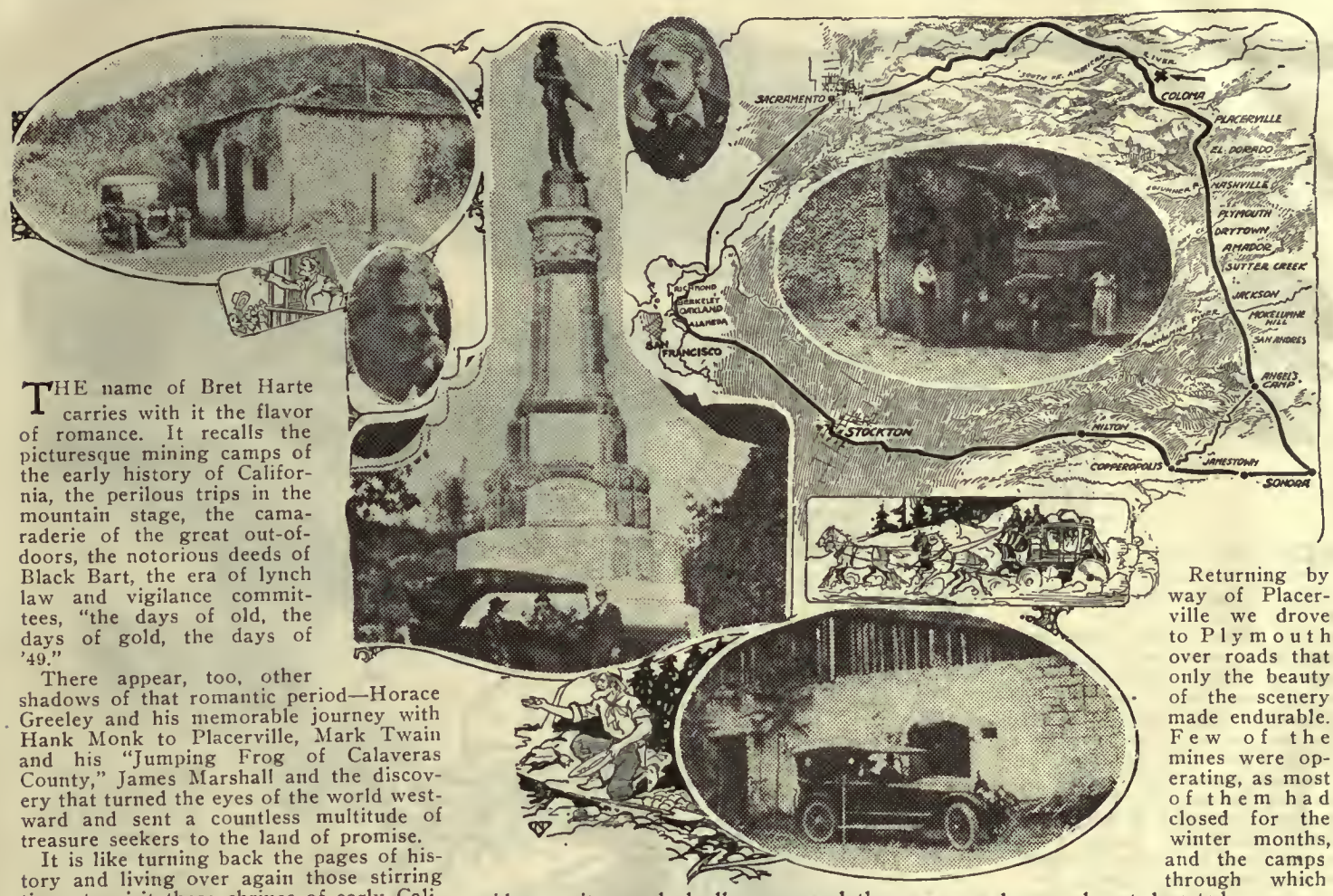
Yet here were the Early Builders
That toiled for a future day,
And here was the birth of a Promise
That sprang from the golden clay.

And still in these lonely places,
An inspiration lies—
Where wraiths of the dead past wander,
The thoughts of the morrow rise.

And the Cities That Are may listen
And pause in the strife and stir,
To hark to the song that lingers
In the Land of The Cities That Were.

THE LAND OF BRET HARTE AND MARK TWAIN——AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Between Placerville and Sonora lies the land that inspired the early literature of California. "The Examiner" "scout car," a Haynes "Six," mapped out the journey for the adventurous motorist. In the center is the monument at Coloma to James Marshall, the discoverer of gold. In the upper left-hand picture is a quaint little home at Coloma that dates back to the days of Bret Harte and which might have housed some of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." In the center of the map is a photograph of the south fork of the American River, a cross marking the spot where the first gold nugget was found in California. Below is a barn of the early days of Coloma. The inset at the left is of Mark Twain; Bret Harte is in the upper inset.



THE name of Bret Harte carries with it the flavor of romance. It recalls the picturesque mining camps of the early history of California, the perilous trips in the mountain stage, the camaraderie of the great out-of-doors, the notorious deeds of Black Bart, the era of lynch law and vigilance committees, "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

There appear, too, other shadows of that romantic period—Horace Greeley and his memorable journey with Hank Monk to Placerville, Mark Twain and his "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," James Marshall and the discovery that turned the eyes of the world westward and sent a countless multitude of treasure seekers to the land of promise.

It is like turning back the pages of history and living over again those stirring times to visit these shrines of early California, to travel the very paths over which the gold hunters toiled, and feel the inspiration of those scenic hills and canyons of the American River and the Mokelumne, which seem strangely hallowed in their garb of green and gold, aloof from the world, a wonderland of beauty and romance.

There is no more attractive trip in the log of the motorist than that sixty miles which lie between Placerville and Sonora. "The Examiner" scout car, a new Haynes "Six," mapped out the way and found it a journey never to be forgotten. There were no paved highways encountered in the trip, but the roads were passable and for the better portion of the way they were all that could be desired.

In the days of Bret Harte Placerville was known as "Hangtown." The Cary House, where Horace Greeley lodged in 1859 and from the veranda of which he addressed a crowd of miners, is now known as the Hotel Placerville. It has lost its dingy coloring, but the balcony is still there and across the street is the stump of a tree from which six men were hanged on a summer's afternoon.

There still clings to Placerville a glamor of the olden times. Its narrow main street banked by long lines of stores and residences, its crooked alleyways and the blacksmith shop that dates back to the days of the gold seekers, all set well into the picture.

There's a bumpy road winds out to the quaint little town of Coloma, where James Marshall's discovery of gold on January 19, 1848, made California the goal of the world's adventurers. Bumps, however, are forgotten when you find yourself within that picturesque canyon of the south fork of the American River. There are the old iron-shuttered houses that sheltered the pioneers, there on the bend of the river is the very spot where the first nugget of gold was picked up.

The American River was calm as a lake and on its surface were reflected the great crags that guard the canyon. The old houses were covered with Concord grape vines and the town itself seemed a veritable graveyard of memories on which the sound of the motor car grated discordantly.

In the days of Bret Harte Coloma had a population of probably 10,000 and its "business district" was made up of saloons, dance halls and faro banks. Here it was that a number of gamblers and other persons of ill repute were driven out and this incident furnished the inspiration for the "Outcasts of Poker Flat."

Returning by way of Placerville we drove to Plymouth over roads that only the beauty of the scenery made endurable. Few of the mines were operating, as most of them had closed for the winter months, and the camps through which we passed were almost deserted.

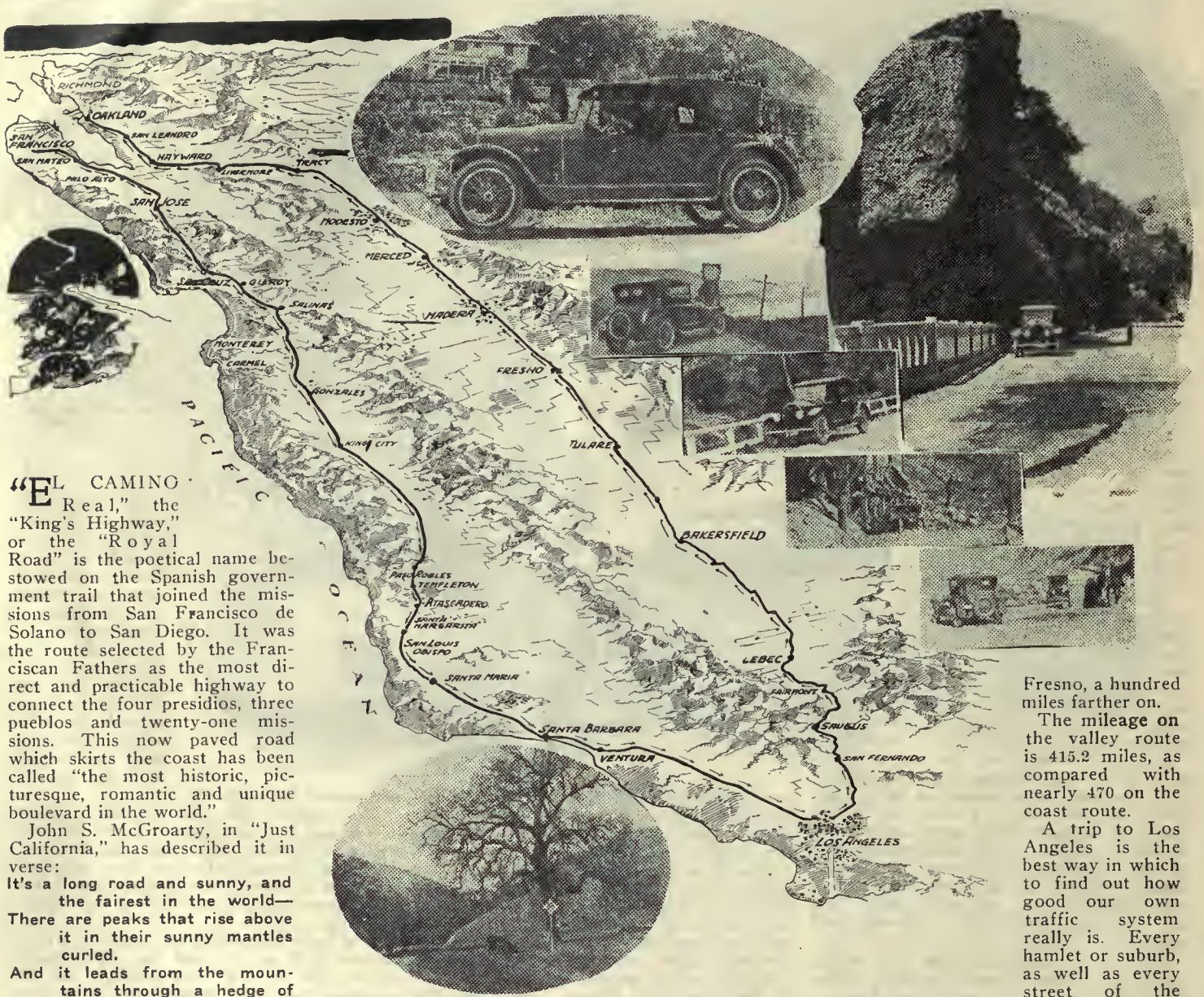
We passed through Amador, Sutter Creek and Jackson, all still guarding their relics of the early days with many an iron-shuttered shack that must have afforded excellent protection for the inmates when the atmosphere was too full of bullets for comfort.

Just before reaching the town of Mokelumne Hill we crossed the Mokelumne River, one of the most beautiful of the streams that flow through the deep canyons of that wild mountain country. It was a wonderful picture in color, the autumn tints of gold and green and brown on the mountain side, and the water rippling over the great boulders below. It hardly seemed real, so gorgeous were the tints as the sun was slowly sinking at the end of the canyon.

San Andreas, the next town we visited, was the scene of Mark Twain's funny yarn, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," and it is in the bar room of the Metropolitan Hotel, which is still standing, that the incident which inspired the story took place. Nobody was "at home" when we passed through the town. Not a human being was to be seen, but we heard from over the hill a mighty shout of several hundred voices—San Andreas was attending a baseball game!

EL CAMINO REAL AND THE RIDGE ROUTE———AN 'EXAMINER' MOTORLOGUE

Two of the most famous highways in the world are California's. The first, the Coast route to Los Angeles, travels the way of the Padres from Mission to Mission, while the second traverses one of the richest valleys in the world, the San Joaquin, and receives its name from one of the greatest engineering feats of the modern age, the scenic concrete path that travels over the mountain tops between Saugus and Lebec. The trip, going and coming, was an "all high" gear jaunt for "The Examiner" scout car, a Kissel Tourster model.



"EL CAMINO Real," the "King's Highway," or the "Royal Road" is the poetical name bestowed on the Spanish government trail that joined the missions from San Francisco de Solano to San Diego. It was the route selected by the Franciscan Fathers as the most direct and practicable highway to connect the four presidios, three pueblos and twenty-one missions. This now paved road which skirts the coast has been called "the most historic, picturesque, romantic and unique boulevard in the world."

John S. McGroarty, in "Just California," has described it in verse:

It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in the world—
There are peaks that rise above it in their sunny mantles curled.
And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,
Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.
It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk that trod
From the fields in the open to the shelter-house of God.

The Mission stations, each distant by what in the days of their founding was considered "a day's journey," add an interest to the journey down the coast that is increased by the remarkable vistas of the sea as the route pierces the mountain ranges and parallels the strand. From San Francisco to San Diego the Pacific shore offers a variety of scenic interest unrivaled.

The entire distance of 446 miles, or with the present detour in the neighborhood of 470 miles, contains approximately 400 miles of pavement in the best of condition. The remainder includes everything from choppy asphalt to somewhat lugubrious going over short unpaved stretches.

The return trip from Los Angeles over the ridge route is an excursion over the only highway of its kind in the world. From the heart of the city out San Fernando blvd., through the Newhall tunnel, the beginning of the serpentine mountain pavement is reached. So well have the engineers done their work over this thirty-mile stretch that it is estimated there will be no need of repair for a generation.

At Rose station the motorist reaches the thirty-mile straightaway over the level sands to Barkersfield and as level a road of concrete stretches from the oil fields to Fresno, a hundred miles farther on.

The mileage on the valley route is 415.2 miles, as compared with nearly 470 on the coast route.

A trip to Los Angeles is the best way in which to find out how good our own traffic system really is. Every hamlet or suburb, as well as every street of the southern municipality, seems to have a different parking rule, and the unwary visitor is almost afraid to pass through town for fear of an appearance at the police station.

There's little leeway for speeding, either, and the result is a general feeling of motorists that if they can get away with anything they are warranted in going the limit. They have excellent roads down there, but many that are sadly in need of repair.

There are many things we can learn from Los Angeles in road making and road maintenance; there are many things Los Angeles can learn from us in the way of handling traffic. As the two cities are brought closer together by the world-famous El Camino Real and the equally famous Ridge route, it will mean a better understanding and both will benefit by the exchange of ideas.

San Francisco Examiner

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